

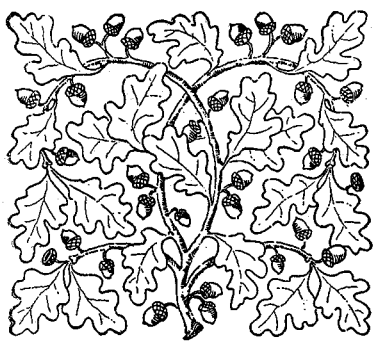
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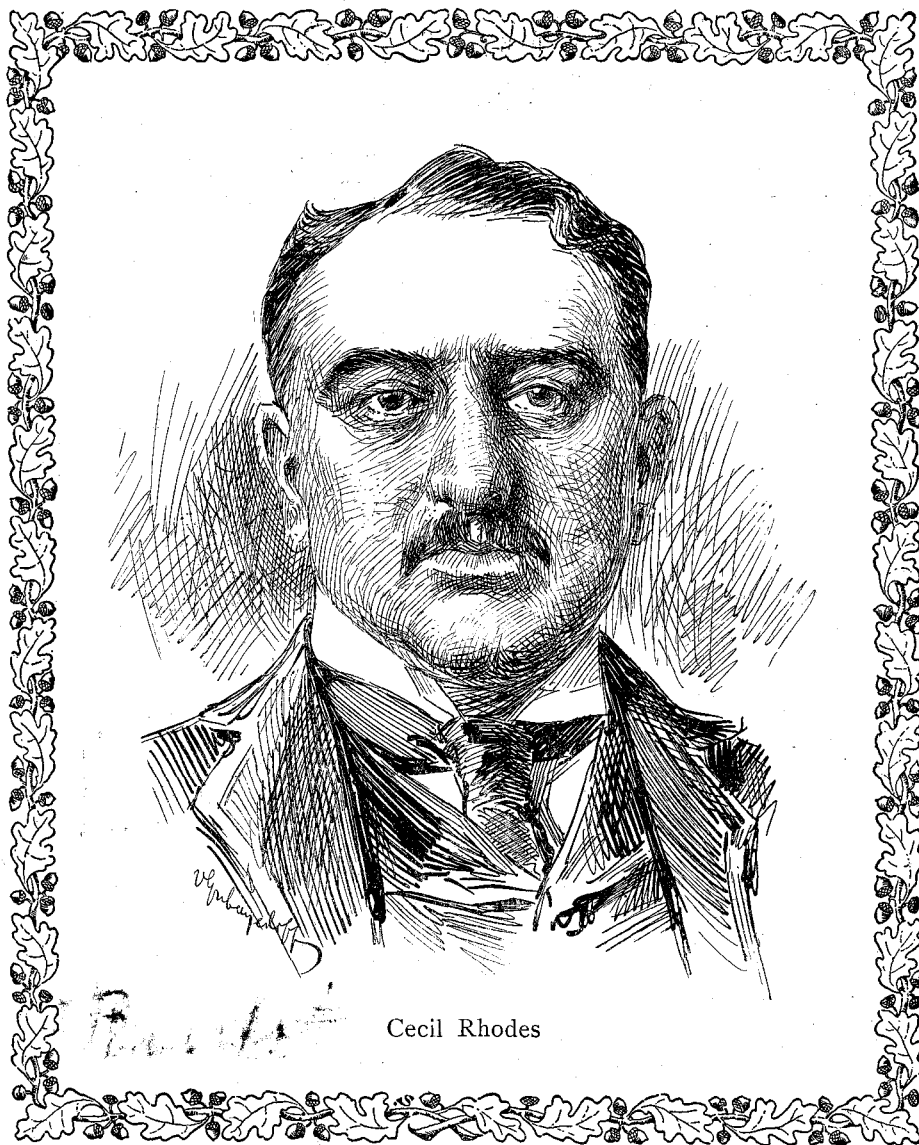
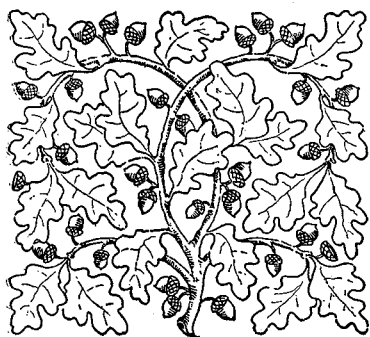
17 FEBRUARY, 1894

The Outlook

A·Family·Paper



NEW
SERIES OF
THE
CHRISTIAN
UNION



Cecil Rhodes

THE OUTLOOK CO. · CLINTON HALL · ASTOR PLACE
NEW YORK

Recreation Department The Outlook

Suggestions for planning a Vacation or a Trip anywhere in the world; printed information concerning any Transportation Line in the world, any Hotel in the world, any Pleasure or Health Resort in the world, or any Tour to any part of the world, will be sent on request, without charge, by the Recreation Department, The Outlook, Clinton Hall, Astor Place, New York.

Increased Train Service to Atlantic City
The Pennsylvania Railroad Company announces that, beginning Saturday, February 10, an increased train service will be placed in effect to Atlantic City, as follows:

Express trains will leave foot of Market Street, Philadelphia, for Atlantic City at 8:50 A.M., 4:10 P.M., and 5 P.M. week-days; 9:15 A.M. Sundays, and 2 P.M. Saturdays only. Returning, leave Atlantic City at 7:35 A.M., 9 A.M., and 3:55 P.M. week-days; 4 P.M. and 8:10 P.M. Sundays. There will be no change in accommodation trains.

Beginning same date, the through New York and Atlantic City Express will be placed in service, to run substantially on the same schedule as last year, leaving New York, week-days, at 1:50 P.M., stopping at Newark, Elizabeth, and Trenton, arriving Atlantic City 5:35 P.M.; returning, leave Atlantic City at 9 A.M. week-days, arriving New York at 12:43 P.M., stopping at Trenton, Elizabeth, and Newark. The train will be composed of combined car and Pullman buffet parlor car, running through between Jersey City and Atlantic City in each direction.

New Florida Short Line

Another beautiful illustrated book, entitled "Snowball and Oranges," written by Helen K. Ingram, describing the New Short Line to Florida, attractions en route, and facilities of the 28-hour flyer between New York and Jacksonville. Copies of this handsome illustrated handbook, giving full particulars of the Southern resorts, can be had upon personal application or by letter addressed to Alex. S. Thweatt, Eastern Passenger Agent of the Richmond and Danville System, 229 Broadway, New York, or to Mr. W. A. Turk, General Passenger Agent, Washington, D. C.

TOURS

RAYMOND'S VACATION EXCURSIONS ALL TRAVELING EXPENSES INCLUDED

Parties will leave New York February 20 and March 14 for Three Grand Tours of 75 Days through the Southern States.

MEXICO AND CALIFORNIA

Visits are to be made to Cincinnati, New Orleans, Galveston, and San Antonio.

Ample time will be given to all the leading cities and other places of historic and picturesque interest in Mexico, including **Eight Days in the City of Mexico**, a **Four Days Trip over the Vera Cruz Railway**, and **Two Days in Guadalajara**.

In California, San Diego, Los Angeles, Pasadena, Santa Barbara, San Francisco, Monterey, etc., will be visited.

The return tickets may be used from California on **Any Regular Train**, or with any one of **Ten Parties under Special Escort**, with a **Choice of Three Different Routes**.

Two Tours of Forty Days to Mexico, omitting California; February 20 and March 14.

California Excursions: February 20 and 22, and March 8 and 14.

A Business Men's Tour to California, leaving February 14, returning March 19.

Colorado Tours: Parties leave New York monthly for The Colorado, at Glenwood Springs.

Special Train through Europe, the party to leave New York by the North German Lloyd Line for Gibraltar February 17.

The Sandwich Islands: A party will sail from San Francisco March 17 for a Seven Weeks' Tour.

Independent Railroad and Steamship Tickets to all points.

Send for descriptive book, mentioning the particular tour desired.

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Tours

Cook's Holy Land Tours

All Traveling Expenses Included

Our annual Spring party will sail from New York by the North German steamer **Fulda**, March 3d. Visits will be made to **Naples, Brindisi, Alexandria, Cairo, Jaffa, Jerusalem, Nazareth, Beyrout, Constantinople, Greece, Rome, Venice, Milan, Lucerne, Paris, and London**. The whole tour occupying **114 days**.

First European party per **S.S. Teutonic**, May 2d. Tours to **Florida and Cuba** February 21st and 27th, March 13th and 27th.

Tickets to all points in **West Indies and Tropics**, including **Bermuda, Nassau, Havana**.

Special Cruises to the **West Indies** by the **Caribbee** March 10th, and **Madiana** March 24th.

Grand Tour to **California** from New York, Boston, and Philadelphia **May 12th**.

Send for programmes, designating which desired.

Intending travelers abroad should send us to cents for a copy of our **Excursionist**.

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RESORTS

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LOS ANGELES: The Hollenbeck

Illustrated book describing Southern California sent on request by **A. C. BILICKE & CO.**

California

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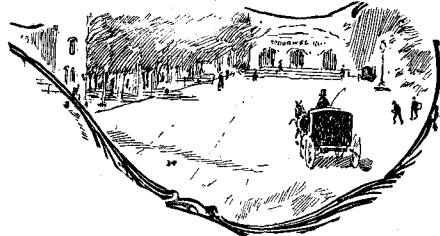
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THE LENOXLAKEWOOD, N. J.—This new Hotel has every modern improvement. Address
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All hotels and boarding-houses in Florida are represented in the Recreation Department of The Outlook, which is ready to send the circular of any hotel or boarding-house and information as to any locality. The routes from your home and time-tables of any or all roads or steamer lines may be had. Every reader of The Outlook who is going to Florida should ask the Recreation Department for information. No charge is made.

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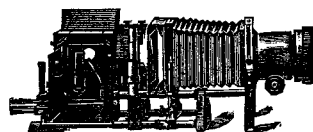
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The Outlook

A Family Paper

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"All the Lord gives us is opportunity; we are to do the rest."

LAWSON VALENTINE.

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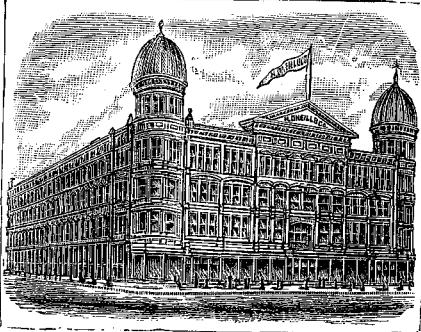
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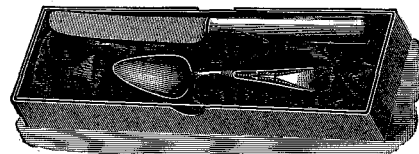
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Volume 49

For Week ending 17 February, 1894

Number 7



The Week

THE proceedings of Congress last week awakened less than the usual interest. The bill doing away with Federal supervision of National elections passed the Senate by a vote of 39 to 28—all the Democrats, the three Populists, and Senator Stewart voting in the affirmative.

The want of excitement concerning it was the most notable feature of the debate. Of course it was promptly signed by the President. Much greater interest has been manifested in the rumors respecting the changes in the Wilson Bill to be proposed by the Senate Finance Committee. It is asserted that the tax on whisky is to be still further increased, and that a small tax is to be reimposed on sugar. In the House Mr. Bland's bill to coin silver bullion purchased under the Sherman Act, and to replace with silver certificates the Sherman Act notes presented for redemption, has been vigorously opposed by Eastern Democrats, and it was only with the assistance of twenty-six Western Republicans that Mr. Bland was able to muster a quorum to have his bill considered by the Committee of the Whole. Mr. Bland's bill proposes that the seigniorage on the Sherman Act purchases—*i. e.*, the difference between their cost and coin value—may be coined first, thus placing \$55,000,000 in the Treasury, and adding that amount to the currency of the country. The Sherman Act provided that this seigniorage should be covered into the Treasury as the bullion was coined; the suspension of its coinage put a stop to the profit the Government had been realizing on silver since the passage of the Bland-Allison Act of 1878. The new bill further proposes that all our silver currency shall be redeemable solely in silver. In the debate last week General Tracy, of New York, ventured to assert that silver currency would not remain at par unless redeemable also in gold; but Mr. Bland called his attention to the fact that the three hundred millions issued between 1878 and 1890 had never been redeemed or redeemable in gold, and yet had remained at par. The addition of \$55,000,000 to the currency proposed by the Bland Bill is about the average increase that has been made to our currency during the last fifteen years.

Last week the attention of the business world, and, indeed, the thinking world as well, was directed to the simultaneous fall in the price of silver and wheat—the two commodities which, more than gold even, have been considered the best measures of value. Prior to 1873, the price of silver, owing chiefly to the bimetallic law of France, had been approximately \$1.30 an ounce since the beginning of the century. Its partial demonetization in the year 1873 was followed by a fall in its value, broken, indeed, for a time by the enactment of the Sherman Law,

but continued again when Austria introduced the gold standard and other powers increased their gold reserves. Last June the price of the metal was in the neighborhood of eighty-three cents an ounce, when the financial world was startled with the news that India had followed the example of the Western nations and closed its mints to the white metal. This action, which had been taken on the ground of the alleged danger that the United States would abandon silver, was the chief factor in bringing about its abandonment. On November 1 the Sherman Act was repealed, and the United States returned (for the time) to gold monometallism. By this time the price of silver had fallen to seventy cents an ounce. It fell but slowly from this point until last week, when Indian speculators, who had been purchasing it in the hope of an import duty which would raise its price, seem to have withdrawn their support from the market. The price of silver fell to sixty-four cents an ounce, so that the bullion value of a silver dollar is now a fraction less than fifty cents. In India the rupee has fallen, trade is thrown into confusion, and the situation approaches a panic.



While silver has been making this record of phenomenally low prices, wheat has kept pace with it. In 1873 its lowest price in the New York markets was \$1.30 in gold. Last June, prior to the closing of the Indian mints, its price (December wheat) was eighty-two cents; on November 1, when the Sherman Act was repealed, its price was seventy cents. From that time on it continued to fall slowly but steadily, until last week, when, side by side with the price of silver, the price of wheat fell to the lowest point on record, reaching sixty-three cents a bushel. This fall in wheat has been accompanied by a corresponding fall in the prices of all other agricultural commodities—and, indeed, of nearly all commodities, not only since the repeal of the Sherman Act, but since the first demonetization of silver in 1873. The decline that has taken place in the price of manufactured goods is to be explained by the exceptional progress of invention, but the price of agricultural products had steadily risen from the Middle Ages to the time when, in 1873, the world's currency began to be contracted by the shutting out of silver from one mint after the other, thereby doubling the demand for gold to supply the increasing currency needs of the world. The inevitable result of this policy was the steady increase of the value of gold. Already this value, as measured by the price of agricultural and manufactured products, has been doubled, and if the present crisis shall not end until this last decline in prices has extended to real estate, then the value of money, as measured by property of every sort, will have been doubled, to the vast enrichment of the creditor classes of the world, but to the impoverishment and bankruptcy of borrowers and the paralysis of business

through the decline in prices which an adequate and equable currency would have kept uniform.



In order to hasten the world's return to a currency which shall increase with the increasing demands of commerce, and secure justice between debtors and creditors, a meeting was held in Boston on Monday of last week to initiate a systematic agitation for international bimetallism. President Andrews, of Brown, was fitly chosen Chairman. Among the members of the committee are President Francis A. Walker, Alexander Agassiz, Josiah Quincy, George F. Hoar, William E. Russell, and, indeed, a large number of the best-known men in Massachusetts. Some of the members favor international bimetallism in much the same way that most protectionists favor ultimate free trade. Were it an immediate question whether the mints of three or four great nations should be open to the free coinage of fifty cents' worth of bullion into legal-tender dollars, they would probably shrink from it and accept the opinion that it was dishonest inflation. Other members are radical bimetallists, who hold that the value of currency will be, dollar for dollar, the same as gold, if it is not issued in such quantity as to drive all gold out of circulation, and who believe that the product of the silver-mines of the world could not drive gold out of circulation in a half-century, even if the need for more money did not increase. This last we understand to be the position of President Andrews and President Walker, both of whom are scientific experts, and the latter of whom is probably the greatest and certainly the best-known political economist in the United States.



The triumph of the anti prohibition Republicans of Iowa in the election of Mr. Jackson as Governor and Mr. Gear as United States Senator is not being followed by the repeal of the prohibitory law as rapidly as the liquor-dealers hoped. Indeed, it now seems probable that a large majority of the Republican legislators elected as Prohibitionists will, in spite of the pressure upon them, stand by their professions and vote against any bill giving the saloons new territory. If the saloons are given new territory, it will probably be under cover of a bill authorizing towns to tax them, while disclaiming any intention of authorizing towns to license them. We sincerely hope that no quibble will be resorted to in order to seem to keep faith with the prohibition constituencies while acceding to the demands of the anti-Prohibitionists and the liquor interests. The situation must be frankly met. If public sentiment in Iowa does not tolerate the licensing of saloons under the name of license, it is dishonest to license them under the name of a tax. On the other hand, if public sentiment in the larger cities does not tolerate the complete prohibition of the liquor traffic, it is fruitless and promotive of dishonesty to continue the nominal prohibition. The law should be modified so as to receive the support of the better public sentiment in such places. We do not believe that the modification required would legalize bar-rooms in any part of the State. The modification should not go farther than to authorize the sale of liquor not to be drunk on the premises. In order to insure the rule that liquor is not sold to be drunk on the premises, and that the hours of sale be kept under public control, the sales should be made by public officials. In other words, the local option demanded by the situation in Iowa is the local option to establish the dispensary system of South Carolina, or at most the Gothenburg system of Norway

and Sweden, and not the local option to license again the bar-rooms which for years have been outlawed. The Outlook opposes State prohibition where widespread violation of the law is made inevitable by the conditions of local sentiment. But we believe that public sentiment throughout Iowa is far enough advanced to enforce the system now on trial in South Carolina.



Both the South Carolina and the Gothenburg systems have been again brought prominently before the public during the present month. The "North American Review" for February contains an article on the "South Carolina Liquor Law," by Governor Tillman. Governor Tillman says that, while it is true that the dispensary system is opposed by some of the most extreme Prohibitionists, "the more moderate Prohibitionists are delighted with it," and the liquor-dealers "are more bitter in their opposition to it than they have ever been toward prohibition." The original draft, he states, was very hurriedly prepared, and was rushed through the Legislature at the very close of its session. While its first effect was to close all saloons in the State outside of Charleston, the old liquor-dealers, encouraged by the assurances of city newspapers that they could not be convicted upon trial before a jury, began in many quarters to violate the law openly. These violations necessitated the changes made in the law by the present Legislature immediately upon assembling. Governor Tillman says that in place of the six hundred saloons and four hundred drug-stores which sold liquor under the old system, there are now but fifty dispensaries, and not more than one hundred and twenty-five will be needed to supply the entire demand for liquor to be drunk off the premises. He assures temperance people throughout the country that the present law is so heartily supported by three-fourths of the citizens of South Carolina that "it is safe to prophesy that never again will a barkeeper in South Carolina sell liquor by the drink under license from the State."



This article by Governor Tillman belongs side by side with the extremely favorable report upon the Gothenburg system just published by the special commission appointed by the last Legislature in Massachusetts. This system differs from that in South Carolina in that the selling of liquor is conducted by a philanthropic corporation instead of by the public, in that it does not attempt to regulate the sale of malt liquors, and in that it does permit the sale of liquor to be drunk on the premises. It is like the South Carolina system in that those who sell the liquor are salaried officials, having no interest in breaking the law at any point in order to increase sales. In some districts, especially in Norway, the hours at which liquor may be sold are materially reduced, though nowhere to the extent practiced in South Carolina, where the dispensaries are not open at all in the evening. The Massachusetts report states that under the Gothenburg system "the cases of drunkenness directly traceable to the bars of the company have greatly declined in number; and, secondly, that the insobriety still prevalent in Gothenburg is chiefly attributable to the almost unrestricted sale of malt liquors." It says that the people in Sweden "would not for a moment entertain the thought of going back to the régime with brandy-shops on every corner for the enrichment of private persons." The Massachusetts commissioners recommend the passage of a law authorizing Massachusetts towns to vote upon the introduction of the Norwegian

system in preference to the existing system of licensing private dealers.

There may be an American city of three million people sooner than has been anticipated, for the Greater New York Bill has passed the Assembly, with only seven negative votes. It provides simply for submission to the popular vote, at the election next autumn, of the question of consolidation, without any plan outlined for the settlement of questions of taxation, indebtedness, and municipal government. All the voters in New York, Kings County, Staten Island, Long Island City, the towns of Flushing, Newtown, Jamaica, and West Chester, and part of the towns of East Chester, Pelham, and Hempstead, will be furnished with two official ballots, one marked "For consolidation" and the other marked "Against consolidation." While there is much feeling in favor of the bill, it is said that the Assemblymen from the Annexed District of New York are jealous of Brooklyn, and fear that the growth of New York would be diverted away from their wards if the consolidation should take place. The bill merely asks the opinion of the people as to whether a Greater New York is desirable. It is urged by its opponents that the bill provides for nothing except the submission of a vague and abstract proposition to the people. It has nothing to say about the rate of taxation which will result from the consolidation, or the way in which the indebtedness of the different cities and villages in the proposed territory should be adjusted. The population, according to the last enumeration in the cities, towns, and villages embraced within the boundaries of Greater New York, aggregates 2,965,792, of which the metropolis furnishes 1,801,739, and Brooklyn 957,958.

The number of the unemployed has not sensibly diminished. It is true that a police census in Boston reported but five thousand men out of work, but this number is so much less than that of those out of work in normal times that the census deserves to be discredited. In New York City the police census was better. Forty-eight thousand families reported one or more of their number out of work, making a total of sixty-seven thousand unemployed. Inasmuch as not all the families in the city were visited, this report indicated a vast amount of suffering. The Mayor issued another call for subscriptions to carry on the relief works, and the Park Department decided to begin at once certain contemplated improvements upon which three-quarters of a million dollars are to be spent. This expenditure, though small compared with that proposed by the City Council of Pittsburg (where, according to the February "Review of Reviews," it was voted to borrow \$6,000,000), is nevertheless much greater than can be borne by any association depending upon private benevolence. The trade-unions, whose agitation, conducted under the leadership of Dr. Coit, has kept before the public the necessity of making now the improvements upon parks, streets, and schools already decided upon as necessary, are trying in vain to secure the requisite legislation from Albany. It is worthy of note that one of the demands of the unions is a public hall in each senatorial district. It is urged that nearly every town of ten thousand people has such a hall, yet at the present time there are many districts in this city containing upwards of a hundred thousand people in which there are no places for public meetings, except the small ones connected with saloons.

To every ten thousand marriages there is one divorce in Ireland, there are ten in France, thirteen in England,

fourteen in Russia, twenty-eight in Italy, forty-one in Austria, fifty-four in Belgium, and one hundred and forty-eight in Prussian Germany. For our own land the figures are not at hand, but, as is well known, our divorce laws are both lax and conflicting. A man may be divorced in one State, yet still be married in another: hence in one State he may marry again, while in another he becomes a bigamist if he does. The unsavory reputation which South Dakota has lately enjoyed is but another reminder of the necessity for uniform divorce legislation throughout the country. In the inducements, however, by which it seeks to obtain its share of this infamous divorce trade the Territory of Oklahoma goes beyond South Dakota. Public attention is directed to this fact by means of attorneys' circulars, from which we quote the following: "Since the Legislature of the State of South Dakota changed the law last winter of that State, lengthening the residence required before bringing suit for divorce from three to six months, Oklahoma Territory has been attracting attention as a divorce center." "The statutes of Oklahoma Territory require ninety days' previous residence before commencement of action, as in South Dakota before the change of law." "Service upon a non-resident defendant may be made personally or by publication. There is no statute requiring corroborative proof, as in South Dakota." We sorely need some legislative or judicial reform which shall prevent the disgrace of such legislation as this, operating to weaken, if not to vitiate, the marriage laws of every State in the Union.

Mr. Gladstone has returned to London apparently in excellent condition, in spite of recent reports to the contrary, the only uncertainty about his tenure of office being, of course, his advanced age and the growing infirmities which accompany it. Parliament reassembles this week, but a more important event in its way will be the meeting of the Liberal Federation at Portsmouth on Tuesday, which is, in effect, the national caucus of the Liberal party. Since the defeat of the Home Rule Bill in the House of Lords there has been a steadily growing feeling that the time has come for active agitation against that body. There has been very little noise about it, and from time to time it has been said that the agitation had no vitality; but many signs point to the approach of a decisive hour in the history of English constitutional government. If the platform adopted by the Liberal Federation formally raises the question of the modification or abolition of the House of Lords, that question, which has so long been held in the background, will become the issue of the hour. It is believed that Mr. Gladstone is unwilling to lead a campaign against the Upper House. His own age, his desire to settle the Home Rule question first, and the natural antipathy of a man who, with great liberality and open-mindedness, has also great respect for historic institutions, would explain his reluctance to embark in an agitation of so radical a nature. But in this matter Mr. Gladstone will probably be led by his associates rather than lead them. If the sentiment against the House of Lords is strong enough to secure expression in the platform of the Liberal Federation, Mr. Gladstone will undoubtedly fall in with the mood.

The news from Germany is extremely interesting, a commercial treaty with Russia having been finally signed on Saturday which institutes what many Germans believe will be cordial relations between the two countries. This commercial treaty may mean much or little. Its in-

fluence may be limited strictly to the matters to which it relates, or it may mark a return to the conciliatory policy toward Russia for which Bismarck has so long stood. In any event, it makes war still more difficult. In a speech at a dinner on the same day, the Russian Ambassador commented on the commercial agreement just secured, and, in a few significant words, interpreted it as significant of a more cordial understanding between the two countries.

England is not unaccustomed to the passage by the Tories of measures which have originated with the Liberals, it long having been a part of the Tory tactics to obstruct to the bitter end and then suddenly become converts and carry through the very measure they have been opposing. It is not surprising, therefore, to hear, from time to time, rumors of a scheme for Home Rule originating in the Conservative camp. These rumors have lately taken on considerable definiteness, and the "Speaker" reports a possible Unionist scheme which involves the abolition of the Lord-Lieutenancy, and of that center of officialism so bitterly hated by the Irish, Dublin Castle, the endowment of a Roman Catholic university in Ireland, and the creation of provincial councils, the latter to be called into being also in Scotland and Wales, while England is to be locally governed by two bodies, one in the north and one in the south. The exact difference between these provincial councils and the Irish Parliament provided for under the bill defeated at the last session of the House of Commons is not indicated; but if there is to be a single provincial council in Ireland, it must, in the nature of things, constitute a long step towards a Home Rule Parliament. Four other subsidiary councils, one for each province, answering to the English county councils, are also to be provided for Ireland. Nothing would please the Irish people more than the abolition of the Castle and all the influences that center there, and in the atmosphere of which Ireland has been misgoverned these many years. Such a step would undoubtedly conciliate the more moderate Home Rulers; while the plan for establishing a Roman Catholic university would be a tempting bait for the Catholic clergy, whose influence in Ireland is still very great. Of course the announcement of this scheme was instantly followed by disclaimers in various quarters, but the fact that such a plan is in the air is in itself a very significant event.

The meeting of the Italian Parliament has been postponed by royal decree until the 20th of this month, and there are intimations that it will be still further postponed, and that Signor Crispi may be disposed to try his hand at governing the country for a while without interruption or embarrassing interpellation from the popular Assembly. Under the present circumstances a dissolution, which would be the most direct way of getting rid of a body which is said to represent not more than half the electorate and to be almost without leadership or programme, might involve serious danger to the country. In the perturbed state of public feeling and in the disorder which reigns in several sections, no one can tell what a general election might bring about. It is predicted, therefore, in some quarters, that the Prime Minister, avoiding a dissolution, will endeavor to secure a free hand for a time by a series of postponements of the opening of Parliament. The Premier is recognized as a man of great force and of a good deal of sagacity, but somewhat unscrupulous in his methods. With all his strength, however, it is very doubtful whether Signor Crispi could effect a reformation of existing conditions in Italy without the aid of popular support expressed

through Parliament. There is no short cut to the reorganization of the Italian people, and any remedy secured at the sacrifice of popular government must, in the nature of things, be a mere stop-gap. To an outsider it would seem as if Italy needed two things—the reduction of her expenses by the reduction of her armaments, and the concentration of attention upon home matters for the sake of securing reformation greatly needed in many parts of the kingdom.

A correspondent of the London "Speaker" reports a very interesting and promising movement in Greece. In spite of its small population and its insignificant power, Greece remains one of the centers of interest for all civilized peoples, and the ability and courage of the Greeks command universal respect. There has been a good deal of criticism of Greek finance of late, and the rate of expenditure in that country is undoubtedly open to serious condemnation in view of the fact that the money employed was borrowed from other people. The "Speaker's" correspondent points out the fact, however, that Greece would not have become bankrupt if she had not been tempted by the ease with which money was borrowed by her. He finds the bright side to the picture in the seriousness with which the Greeks look at the situation and the humiliation which they feel in consequence of it—a seriousness and a humiliation which this writer believes will result in a thorough reformation of Government expenditures and in a new sense of financial responsibility. There has been, according to the same writer, a marked development of the serious side of the Greek character during the last decade, shown in a keener self-criticism and a wider consciousness of national defects. With this consciousness has come a general determination to overcome the national besetting sins, and a notable revival of righteousness in a genuine and lasting form. Public men, leaders of the Church, and laymen of standing have not only come to feel that the great lack of Greece is strenuous moral fiber and widespread moral elevation, but are making a resolute attempt to impress upon people at large the fact that religion is not ritual or creed, but righteousness and character. To this end the preaching in the churches, the teaching in the Sunday-schools and clubs of various kinds for religious study, as well as through the press, are very intelligently and persistently directed, and an attempt is being made to make the common schools the medium of moral education. The economic situation is utilized for the purpose of enlightening the people with regard to financial problems and responsibilities in other countries and with regard to the experiences of the past. It is significant and natural that Greece should deal with her moral problems from the educational side, and, if the "Speaker's" correspondent is not mistaken, the movement which he reports is of the most promising kind.

In the countries of South America there are, as usual, wars and rumors of wars. The actual hostilities are just now in Honduras, and it is about Honduras that the jealousies and plottings of the adjacent republics are centered. The revolution going on in Honduras turns upon a personal rivalry between the two leaders, Vasquez and Bonilla, the latter of whom, with a small army, is besieging the city of Tegucigalpa. The cause of the revolutionists is attracting sympathy from the neighboring State of Guatemala, while San Salvador is inclined toward Vasquez. These two neighboring States have not yet, however, taken an open part in the quarrel, and each seems waiting for the other to take such steps, which would be a signal for a

general war on a very small scale. Guatemala is itself in danger of a revolution, as Barrios has been imposing very heavy taxes on the people. The part played in all these quarrels by the people at large is a very small one. In all these South American States, including even Brazil, the constitutions, while nominally republican in form, are so drawn that the Presidents of the republics have almost dictatorial powers, and the action of the legislative bodies is almost always dictated by the executive. In Brazil, for instance, the method of carrying on elections illustrates very well the degree in which representative government actually exists. Ballot-boxes are unknown; the names of qualified voters are written on a list, and on election day (whether for city, State, or national officers) this list is called over by a clerk, and as each name is called the voter expresses his choice by word of mouth; if he is not present at the exact minute he loses his vote, and if some one else replies when his name is called there is no way of repairing the injury later on. Practices quite as absurd as this exist in several of the republics, and the need of political as well as general education is pressing.



The recent trial of armor-plate for two of the monitors and the ram now building, when such a poor showing was made against high-powered guns, not only delays the completing of these additional forces to our navy, but causes us to refresh our memory as to what ships are actually being constructed this year. The armorclads Maine and Texas are now being finished at Brooklyn and Norfolk respectively, while in the autumn the unequaled battle-ships in their class, Massachusetts, Indiana, and Oregon, each of over ten thousand tons displacement, may be ready for service. Four coast-defense monitors are to be finished this year, besides the ram Katahdin, and four protected cruisers, among which the Minneapolis is expected to be even faster than her crack sister ship, the Columbia, now about ready for commission. Lastly come the two-thousand-tonners, Montgomery and Marblehead, and the gunboats Machias and Castine. The year 1894, therefore, will see unprecedented additions to our navy, both in number and quality.



GENERAL NEWS.—The famous war-ship, the Kearsarge, was wrecked on Roncador Reef, near the coast of Nicaragua, on January 30; one of her officers reached Colon in a small boat, and a vessel has been dispatched to the assistance of the crew of the Kearsarge, all but one of whom, with their officers, escaped alive from disaster; the cause of the wreck has not been stated as yet. The Kearsarge will be remembered throughout all time as the destroyer of the Confederate cruiser Alabama; its famous engagement with the destroyer of our commerce took place off the harbor of Cherbourg on June 19, 1864, and, although the vessels were of nearly equal force, the Alabama was very quickly disabled and sunk, the Kearsarge being protected by a chain armor hung over her sides and covered with light boards. The Kearsarge had been in service for thirty-two years, and was still a staunch ship.—The French force which recently took possession of Timbuctoo has been surprised by natives, and about eighty of the French soldiers have been killed; the occupation of Timbuctoo was a bold and, it is said, an unauthorized step, but there is now no doubt that, impelled by the slaughter of their troops, the French will carry on an active campaign against the place.—It is reported that the United States Minister in Turkey has demanded the immediate liberation of two Armenians holding American citizenship who have been

imprisoned in the town of Iskanderun, in northern Syria, and that the Minister has gone so far as to threaten to bombard the place from an American man-of-war if the Armenians are not delivered up.—Dr. Theodore Billroth, one of the leading surgeons of the world, died last week in Austria.—The Presidential election in Brazil is to take place on March 1, and the insurgents say that if the election is fairly conducted, and without undue pressure by President Peixoto, they will be willing to abide by the result; as to the hostilities of the last week, the insurgents are said to have gained ground in the southern provinces, but they have been defeated in an attempt to occupy the important town of Nictheroy.—On Monday of this week a bomb was thrown into the café of the Hotel Terminus at the Lazare station in Paris by an Anarchist named Breton; twenty persons were injured, some seriously; the bomb-thrower was arrested after a desperate fight.—In Congress on February 7 the House, by a vote of 177 to 75, passed the McCreary resolutions in regard to Hawaii; the resolutions condemn the conduct of Minister Stevens and approve President Cleveland's dictum that "interference with the domestic affairs of an independent nation is contrary to the spirit of American institutions."



A Typical English Ruler

Most conspicuous just now among Englishmen of the type of born rulers is Mr. Cecil Rhodes, whose virile and striking figure has been brought very prominently before the English-speaking world of late by the war in South Africa, which it is not improbable may be the last of the private wars waged under the English flag. Mr. Rhodes has had a very interesting career. He is only forty years old, and it is barely a decade since he came to the front. Beginning as an individual miner in the diamond-fields, he showed great tenacity and energy, and rapidly developed that instinct for organization and management which has now become his great talent. He rapidly consolidated the mining interests of his district into one great concern, which is probably the most extensive mining company in the world. He had the valuable quality of inspiring men with confidence, not only in his judgment and ability, but in his great schemes, and was speedily recognized as a natural leader. Nine years ago it is said that, in the office of a merchant, he laid his hand upon a map of Africa, covering the central portion from the Cape of Good Hope to the Zambezi River, saying, "All that for England: that is my dream." And what he did with the mining interests he has now done with the race and international interests. He has convinced the English of the Cape and the Boers of the Transvaal that their interests are identical; and there is now in southern Africa but one party, the new Africander party, and Mr. Rhodes is not only the head but the creator of it. He organized the British South Africa Company in order to bring the Cape Colony and the new Congo State into touch by opening up, developing, and administering Mashonaland. Into this enterprise many Englishmen, very prominent socially, scientifically, and commercially, have become interested. The war with Lobengula has been almost entirely managed from the Cape. When the trouble began, Mr. Rhodes declared that he did not want a single redcoat, and that he intended to crush the Matabeles without adding a penny to the burdens of the British taxpayer; and now that this result has been substantially accomplished, he declares that, the burden having been local, the rewards should be local also. In other words, the English people at the

Cape are going to manage their own affairs, and if England attempts to impose a policy from London upon them there are very frank intimations that the United States of South Africa may come into existence.

Mr. Rhodes believes in the manifest destiny, not of the English sovereigns, but of the English-speaking race, to control the globe. He has the English love of order and respect for the law, and the English hatred of anarchy and of license in all its forms. He believes profoundly in self-government, as his gift of £10,000 to Mr. Parnell sufficiently evidenced, and as his declaration to Mr. Gladstone, that the day of taxed republics without representation in the taxing assembly has gone by forever, sufficiently shows. A man of large frame and of an iron constitution, living on the frontiers of the English Empire and organizing the rough elements of a frontier society, Mr. Rhodes probably lacks the delicacy of feeling and the scrupulous regard for the rights of others which the ideal statesman must possess. He is a great power, however, dealing with rough conditions with a firm hand and apparently with a statesmanlike purpose. It is said of him that he cares nothing for money except as an instrument to his higher ambitions. The "Review of Reviews" described him not long ago as having the face of a Cæsar, the ambition of a Loyola, and the wealth of a Croesus. A man of forty, who has made himself enormously rich, has practically organized a new commonwealth and become its Prime Minister, who has built a railroad and is building a telegraph line from Cape Town to Alexandria, and who has extended the border of Cape Colony to the Zambezi River, is evidently a man from whom much may be expected.

The Anti-Lottery Campaign

Eternal vigilance is the price of cleanliness as well as of liberty. Every housekeeper knows this, or soon learns it. Nor is it enough to catch the vermin; their nests must be broken up. Driving the nest from one part of the house to another is of little avail. Such a nest of unclean creatures is the Lottery, which, destroyed in Louisiana, has reappeared in Florida. From it the delusive and fraudulent promises of profits are sent by express into every State in the Union. Wherever they go they impoverish the purse of honest men, stimulate the greed of eager men, and prompt to robbery or secret theft temptable men. The Lottery in Florida is a menace to every city, town, and village of the United States.

A memorial, numerously signed, has been presented to Congress urging such legislation as shall put an end to this National danger and this National disgrace. It is signed by leading educators, college presidents, clergymen of all denominations, prominent lawyers, merchants, manufacturers. Protestant and Roman Catholic, Republican and Democrat, unite in this petition. A law has been drafted by a legal expert and presented with the petition. It defines a lottery, prohibits lottery drawings at any place within the jurisdiction of the United States, or the importation of lottery tickets, or their carriage from one State to another. There is only one conceivable reason why this law should not be at once passed by Congress—the reason represented by the symbol \$. There is every other reason why this law should be passed, and passed at once.

Write to the Outlook Company, inclosing a postage-stamp, for a copy of this memorial; sign it; get as many signatures to it as you can; and send it with a personal note to your Congressman. Ask him to help push the bill

through to a vote. Corruption cannot kill it without an ally. That ally is indifference. You can help to overcome the indifference. And by watching the vote you can help to overcome the corruption.

Act. Others have made it easy for you to act. And your action will tell. The more prompt your action, the more effective it will be.

Tammany Hall

The February number of the "Atlantic Monthly" has an article on Tammany Hall which gives by far the best explanation of the power of that organization which we have ever seen. The article is judicial, points out the merits as well as the demerits of Tammany Hall, and makes its existence, though phenomenal, still intelligible. The author, Mr. Merwin, first describes the organization of Tammany, which is scarcely inferior to that of the Jesuit Order or the Salvation Army. This organization creates a spirit of loyalty to itself; to the Tammany man "Tammany is his party, his church, his club, his totem;" and this loyalty is intensified by the fact that, to men belonging to the poorer classes, "there is very little in New York to suggest any higher ideal."

"The upper class—at least the richer class, the class chiefly talked about in the papers—is, with exceptions, of course, given over to material luxury and to ostentation. It is without high aims, without sympathy, without civic pride or feeling. It has not even the personal dignity of a real aristocracy. Its sense of honor is very crude. And as this class is devoted to the selfish spending, so the business class is devoted to the remorseless getting, of money."

In such a class there is little to detach the men on the East Side from their loyalty to Tammany, which gets its enormous fund from the rich by a system of blackmail, and gives it to the poor by providing them with offices and places. Moreover, in certain respects, Tammany-governed New York is well governed:

"It is orderly; the criminal class is well kept under; the fire department is exceedingly good; the police are extremely efficient, though often brutal and oppressive in their treatment of persons without money or influence; the streets are well paved, and not very dirty. School-teachers are appointed regardless of politics. Finally, the cost of the city government is not excessive. The tax-rate is \$1.85 per hundred, and the valuation is low, being calculated at forty, or possibly fifty, per cent."

This is the good side of Tammany; its bad side is set forth with equal impartiality: "No frauds are committed upon the taxpayers outright, such as were perpetrated in the days of Tweed;" the immense sums which Tammany secures "are raised by contribution and by blackmail, not by theft." Illustrations are given of the way in which these funds are secured: by contributions from office-holders, by forced assessments from liquor-saloons, by corruption funds secured from citizens of all classes in order to escape harassing persecutions in the enforcement of city ordinances, and by "strikes" upon rich corporations, who submit to the injustice in order to escape threatened legislation, or to secure legislation which they need.

Thus the Tammany government is essentially corrupt, and grows continuously more corrupt. It is essentially despotic, and grows year by year more despotic. "It is not a government of the people, by the people, or for the people. It is a government of Mr. Richard Croker by means of Tammany Hall; for Mr. Croker primarily, for Tammany Hall secondarily, and for the people in the third place;" rather, let us say, for one class, though a large class, of the people.

The moral of this article is plain, though the writer does not draw it. If Tammany is to be overthrown, it cannot

be by a revolt of the wealthy classes against its domination. It cannot be by a reform club of wealthy gentlemen discussing theories of civics. It must be by the organization of Good Government Clubs in every ward and district of the city, by persuading the men and women of the East Side that they are entitled to cleaner streets, purer police, and a juster enforcement of the laws. It must be, in a word, not by overthrowing the democracy, which thinks itself fairly well served by Tammany, but by educating the democracy to perceive that it is not well served by Tammany, and so by enlisting all lovers of honest and just government in a common cause against one that is despotic and corrupt.



The Good in All

There is no greater test of genuine intelligence and breadth of view than the ability to discover the element of truth in our opponent's position, or to find in the attitude of the man who proposes to deal with some question in an entirely different way from our own a ray of intelligence. One is constantly struck, on coming into association with men and women who approach great and pressing problems from different points of view, with their antagonisms. It is sometimes a great shock to find how earnest reformers hate each other, and to hear what bitter things they are capable of saying. The man or woman who takes one view of the industrial situation, too often cannot tolerate the man or woman who takes another view. The men and women who are divided on questions of educational method are sometimes as far apart as if they were differing on fundamental questions of morals. Those who emphasize one feature of the kindergarten are very apt to undervalue those who emphasize another feature. In every department there is constant temptation to overlook or underestimate the fidelity and the service of those who are trying to do the same work which we are trying to do, but who are doing it from a different point of view or by a different method. A really comprehensive view involves always a recognition of the fact that a problem is rarely settled by any single method, any more than a great fortress is carried by an assault from one quarter. The industrial problem will never be settled by the University Settlement method alone, or by the Church alone, or by any other one instrumentality now employed. The work is accomplished by the united efforts of all the workers, who, at the end, find themselves together because, approaching from different sides, they have from the start aimed at the same thing, although their methods of getting at it were so various. A little more charity, a little more wisdom, and a little more patience would destroy a host of antagonisms and relieve the world of the presence of a vast amount of unnecessary criticism.



Editorial Notes

—A recent volume of English sermons bears the title "Low Spirits and Other Sermons." It is to be feared that low spirits are oftener the result of sermons than their inspiring cause.

—The talk for and against opium in the English papers appears to have disturbed Australian lawmakers not a whit. In Victoria the culture of the poppy is forbidden, and the drug may only be imported, charged with an overwhelming tariff duty, for medicinal use. As a curse opium may be less terrible than strong drink, but it is still a curse.

—An action to recover \$138 came up before Judge Pryor, in one of the New York courts last week, which was saddled with a bill of costs

for \$434. Last year a dispute as to whether \$6 a week was sufficient alimony in a divorce suit entailed a bill of \$1,000 for referee and stenographer. It is time we had more judges, salaried referees, or less trivial litigation.

—The Kansas City "Star" thinks that civilization, by making everything conform to a type, has produced a general condition of commonplaceness which is very irksome, and it makes the charitable suggestion that fads are simply devices for making a break from the commonplace. This may be true, but is it not better to overcome the commonplace by educating ourselves out of it?

—Mr. Cecil Rhodes, whose portrait appears on the front page of The Outlook this week, is a very energetic person. After having, so to speak, absorbed all southern Africa under his own rule, it now appears that he has his finger in Madagascar pie, and that the French may possibly hear from him. At any rate, the Hova Government has sent an English settler to confer with him.

—It is not often that a young ruler has to learn his manners from a powerful nation, but the English have taken the youthful Khedive of Egypt in hand and are teaching him in a very effective way that he must mind his own business and avoid comments on English regiments. The position of a ruler like Abbas II., who nominally governs Egypt, but is really governed by an English diplomatist of great energy and immense sagacity, is not without its drawbacks.

—The personal history of Shakespeare is involved in such a mist that one reads with great regret the announcement that Charlecote, for so many centuries in the hands of the Lucy family, is to be offered for sale, and that one link of reality between the great dramatist and the country in which he was born is about to be broken. If Walter Savage Landor were living, he would be tempted to interpret the passing of the estate out of the hands of the Lucys as a judgment on the family.

—Relative to the proportion of foreign-born citizens in our country, it is remarkable that there is no large representation of them in Congress. Omitting the three vacant seats, the Senate has at the present time eighty-five members, and of these eighty-one were born here. The four others are not so foreign as they might be, as they were born, two in Canada and two in England. Among the Representatives there are twenty-four adopted sons. These were born, eight in Ireland, six in Canada, four in Germany, two in Norway, and one each in England, Scotland, Austria, and Hungary.

—The New York "Herald" is one of the best papers in the world, mechanically speaking. It has a very large editorial force; last week it printed a big pageful of portraits of editors and reporters—"very intelligent-looking men, too," we heard some one say. Yet the "Herald" allows us to form our idea of what it considers humorous by printing such head-lines as:

"Forged at fifteen—that her shame;
Who forged George McClellan's name?
Louise Collins, unabashed,
Signed and got the paper cashed.
Commendation John Shaw sold
For ten dollars, script [sic] or gold.
Mme. Chambet did she rob,
And Herman Henke got a job."

—The action of the Trustees of Columbia College in providing for a Professorship of Sociology, with courses bearing directly upon social questions, with investigations into existing conditions in this city and elsewhere, and with the hope of utilizing for the purposes of study the methods and the work of charity and reform organizations, is a step in the direction of bringing students into contact with the life of their time in a wise and fruitful fashion. Such a department, carried on with the sagacity which marks the conduct of affairs at Columbia, ought to be extremely valuable, not only to its students, but to the country at large; because through its operation may be anticipated the collection of trustworthy data and a scientific study of questions which are perhaps more important than any others now pressing for answer.

—The most daring engineering scheme yet is that which proposes the construction of a dam, fifteen miles in length, from Cantire, Scotland, to a northeastern point on the Irish coast. As the ocean is so much deeper than the sea between Ireland on the one side and England and Scotland on the other, the tide comes around the north of the Green Isle from the South Atlantic and flows through these narrow straits again southwards long before it can get up there from the south direct. In addition, the drift from the Gulf Stream bathes the northern part of England more abundantly than the southern, and the coast of Scotland so diverts it as to make a continuous current at least six miles an hour down the North Channel. Hence the proposal to utilize all this waste power and convert it into the form of electricity for transmission. The proposed dam would be really an isthmus three hundred feet wide. In mid-channel the depth of water is nearly five hundred feet, but is much less than that most of the way. Engineers estimate the cost of the dam, with its gates and water-wheels, at \$10,000,000—a figure under rather than over the mark.

Asa Gray: Botanist

By Prof. Frederick Starr

Of the University of Chicago



HE "Letters of Asa Gray,"¹ edited by his widow, brings prominently before the public again a man of whom America is justly proud. No one has done more than he to make our science respected abroad; no one more than he has aroused and stimulated our present scientific workers, and; moreover, he had a most engaging personality.

Asa Gray came of real New England stock. Both parents were born in Massachusetts, but both were taken when quite young to New York State. His father was a man of thrift and industry, with a true Yankee's idea of making ends more than meet, and with almost no education, in the ordinary meaning of the word. Asa was born at Sauquoit, Oneida County, November 18, 1810. His father was, by trade, a tanner, and one of the boy's first memories was of driving the old horse around the ring (to turn the bark-mill), and of furnishing the mill with bark. Asa was unquestionably bright; entering school at three years of age, he was a champion speller at six or seven. When about ten years of age, he entered the family of his maternal grandfather as a sort of errand-boy, attending the district school meantime. At twelve he was sent to the Clinton Grammar-School, and later to Fairfield Academy. It is probable that the meager educational facilities near his home were the excuse for letting a boy leave home so young.

At Fairfield Academy Asa Gray was in charge of the Principal, Charles Avery, later Professor in Hamilton College. For him, either as teacher or man, Gray seems to have had little respect, although he says of him: "He lingers in my memory." At Fairfield he completed his preparatory studies, with the idea of taking a college education. His father, however, "was buying land about this time," and recommended him to enter the medical school at once, without a college course. The Medical School at Fairfield was then quite an important institution, and to it, in 1826, the boy of sixteen turned. Already intensely fond of mineralogy and chemistry, the boy here, quite accidentally, became interested in botany. Chancing upon the article "Botany" in Brewster's "Edinburgh Encyclopædia," he read it with avidity; he then secured Eaton's "Manual of Botany," and read it during the winter. Impatiently he waited for the spring of 1828, that he might put his book-learning to practical test. Sallying forth, his first find was the spring-beauty—*Claytonia*—which, to his delight, he was able to identify. Through the season he collected assiduously. In his dear old teacher, Professor James Hadley, he found an earnest friend and wise adviser. At his suggestion the seventeen-year-old country boy opened a correspondence with Lewis C. Beck, of Albany—the first of many scientific correspondents. In the summer of 1830, at the invitation of Professor Hadley, Dr. Gray gave a course of lectures upon Botany at the Medical School. The course netted \$40, which money was spent in making a botanical trip to Niagara Falls, Buffalo, Aurora, etc. The next fall he began teaching in a private school in Utica. His vacations were spent in botanical field-trips, and it was upon one of these that Dr. Gray met the man who did so much to encourage him, and with whom his name is so constantly associated, Dr. John Torrey, of New York.

The next few years were years of struggle for a livelihood, of effort to make his beloved science yield him a support, making headquarters at New York. Part of the time he assisted Dr. Torrey, part of the time acted as curator of the New York Lyceum of Natural History. It was here and then that he began to issue his admirable sets of the "Grasses and Sedges of North America;" it was here, in 1836, that his "Elements of Botany" appeared.

"I think they gave one hundred and fifty dollars, which was a great sum for me." It was here, in the same year, that he was invited to go as botanist on a great Government exploring expedition. Part of this time in New York was spent as a member of Dr. Torrey's household. This meant everything to the young man. In this home he was constantly stimulated by the great botanist in scientific work, and influenced in a true and Christian life. It was also during this sojourn in New York that the warm friendship with the Hookers began. Dr. Gray, apparently, had sent a copy of the first part of his "Grasses and Sedges" to Sir William J. Hooker. In return he received a kind letter of approbation and a parcel of books.

We have spoken of the exploring expedition. Vexatious delays, changes of details, and misunderstandings appear to have disgusted Dr. Gray, and when the Wilkes exploring expedition really started he was not with it. At about that time, appointed to the Professorship of Natural History in the University of Michigan, an institution yet "on paper," Dr. Gray sailed for Europe. He was to purchase books and apparatus for the university. The journey meant much to him. Sir William J. Hooker and his son, Joseph D. Hooker, were most cordial. In a letter Gray says: "I am every day under deeper obligations to Sir William Hooker, to whom I owe the gratification of forming so many acquaintances under such favorable circumstances." Among those he met was Charles Darwin. The importance of this meeting was not at first



evident—the Beagle naturalist was not much of a lion compared with Professor Owen:

We there met Mr. Darwin, the naturalist, who accompanied Captain King in the Beagle. I was glad to form the acquaintance of such a profound scientific scholar as Professor Owen, the best comparative anatomist living; still young, and one of the most mild, gentle, childlike men I ever saw.

In this journey Dr. Gray visited England, France, Italy, Austria, Germany, and Switzerland. Everywhere he met the botanists and studied the herbaria. Here, and here only, could he examine the type specimens of our American forms described by European workers: so only could he fit himself for properly carrying out the great book on which he and Dr. Torrey were working—"The Flora of North America."

On his return to America the University of Michigan was not yet ready for his services, and he remained in New York, working with Torrey on the "Flora." In 1842 President Quincy invited Dr. Gray to take the Professorship of Botany at Harvard University, with the care of the Botanical Garden, at an annual salary of one thousand dollars. He accepted the position. Immediately after beginning work he wrote Mrs. Torrey. Advised by President Quincy to merely meet his class the first day and arrange their work, he says:

This I was most ready to do, as it gave me the opportunity of entering by degrees upon my task, feeling my way instead of making a plunge in regular desperation. The great thing is self-possession. The moment I get that I shall feel tolerably safe. So I met my class to-day, arranged matters, and made a few remarks without stammering a bit, so far as I recollect, or speaking much too fast.

In 1844 Dr. Gray gave a course of popular lectures on the Lowell foundation, because he needed the money they

¹ Houghton, Mifflin & Co., Boston. \$4.

would bring. A second course was given the following year. These were immensely popular, but the work was little to his taste. In presenting them the lecturer made use of large painted diagrams in illustration.

By 1847 Dr. Gray had already made the intimate acquaintance of most, if not all, of those eminent American scientists who formed a galaxy never to be forgotten. Agassiz, Dana, Wyman, Henry—never will American science see a more brilliant circle of able workers, sound thinkers, active pioneers. As years passed, Gray became the leader of a band of great and enthusiastic botanists—but that is a totally different thing. We live now in the day of specialists; men spend twenty years in studying sections of a single rock, or in investigating one point in microscopic structure in plants. The general workers are almost gone. Dana only of that group is left. These were men of world-wide fame. The names of Gray, of Henry, of Dana, are known the world around among all who speak our tongue and more, but who but the botanist ever hears of Rau or Sullivant? The specialist is necessary, useful, but who would not be glad to see a band like that once more?

In 1848 Asa Gray married Jane L. Loring, of Boston, a woman whose interest in her husband's work was real and earnest; his constant companion in most of his later journeys, it is she also who has compiled these "Letters," a task admirably performed.

Dr. Gray's real acquaintance with Charles Darwin began on his second European journey. The great Englishman was then becoming recognized in a way to make even Owen tremble for his laurels. When Darwin's works began to appear, Gray was his earnest friend and supporter in this country. To W. J. Hooker he writes:

The principal part of your letter was high laudation of Darwin's book. Well, the book has reached me, and I finished its careful perusal four days ago; and I freely say that your laudation is not out of place. It is done in a masterly manner. It might well have taken twenty years to produce it. It is crammed full of most interesting matter, thoroughly digested, well expressed, close, cogent; and taken as a system it makes out a better case than I had supposed possible. . . . I will write to Darwin when I get a chance. As I have promised, he and you shall have fair play here.

Professor Gray had a perfect delight in the way in which Darwin's theories explain many curious things in plant structure, and often wondered that *he* had not seen for himself the meaning of contrivances which he had often enough noticed. To Canby, in 1874, he wrote about the Venus's fly-trap:

When *Dionæa* is irritated by a small fly, he has plenty of time to escape through the meshes, and the leaf soon opens, ready for better luck next time. Think what a waste if the leaf had to go through all the process of secretion, etc., taking so much time all for a little gnat. It would not pay. Yet it would have to do it except for this arrangement to let the little flies escape. But when a bigger one is caught, he is sure for a good dinner. That is real Darwin. I just wonder you and I never thought of it. But *he* did.

Repeatedly, too, he does call Darwin's attention to points of interest in our flora.

Many of Darwin's experiments he repeated in detail. Thus he studied climbing plants. Dr. Farlow relates: "Dr. Gray hardly ever passed in or out of the herbarium without stroking (patting them on the back by way of encouraging them, it almost seemed) the tendrils of the climbers on the walls and porch; and on the announcement that a student had discovered another case of cross-fertilization in the garden, he would rush out bareheaded and breathless like a school-boy to see the thing with his own critical eyes."

Thoroughly a Darwinian, Dr. Gray was never a materialist, never lost his reverent religious nature. His views are abundantly expressed in "Darwiniana" and "Natural Science and Religion." In 1869 he wrote to Dean R. W. Church, his dear friend, a rector in England, to whom, by the way, many of his most characteristic letters were written:

As to Exeter meeting of British Association, I am on the whole glad enough to keep away, especially from Darwinian dis-

cussions, in which I desire not to be at all "mixed up" with the prevailing and peculiarly English materialistic, positive line of thought, with which I have no sympathy, while in natural history I am a Darwinian.

Dr. Gray was a constant and prodigious worker. With his teaching, the development and care of the herbarium and Botanical Garden, the writing and re-editing of his many works, his travels in Europe and in our own country, time never hung on his hands. Of his working methods Mrs. Gray says:

Though a steady and unwearying worker, he was not rapid. He would throw aside sheet after sheet to be rewritten, especially if there was anything he wished to make particularly clear and strong, or any reasoning to be worked out from the soundest point of view. It was always a wonder to those about him that he could stand as he did the unceasing labor; but he was a sound sleeper even if the hours might be short, and of a vigorous, wiry, active temperament, and when he did take a holiday he took it heartily. His rest and recreation were in journeys, and every two or three years some long outing would be taken, to give him the needed refreshment. But he must always be busy even then—somewhere to go, something to see; rest in quiet seemed impossible to him for more than a day at a time.

One of his most striking characteristics was a dry and kindly humor, and a playful spirit. This showed itself throughout life. It crops out in several passages of his brief autobiographical sketch. On his first European journey he wrote to George P. Putnam, his publisher: "As Murray's fame is derived from Byron, so shall you be immortalized and best known to all posterity as the publisher of the celebrated Dr. Gray!!!" In 1869 (æ. 58 years) Dr. Gray was in Egypt, and for the first time in his life left his full beard to grow. This so changed him that old friends did not recognize him. On his return "he had great glee in imposing himself on his old friend Dr. Torrey, when he went to the station to meet him in Boston, as a persistent hack-driver."

One kind practice of the man was his writing biographical sketches of workers in botany. These, published in the "American Journal of Arts and Sciences," were ever most just and truthful tributes.

Age did not chill his enthusiasm of and love for nature's work. Every fresh discovery aroused the delight of a child. Michaux had discovered in the South a plant which he named after his friend Dr. Short—*Shortia galacifolia*. In 1839 Gray saw the original specimen in Europe. But as years passed by and no one found the plant, botanists became skeptical, and claimed that Gray had made a mistake. But at last Hyams, an herb-collector, discovered the long-lost plant in North Carolina; Mr. Congden informed Gray of the discovery. He replied: "If you think you have *Shortia*, send it on." It came. Dr. Gray wrote back: "It is so! now let me sing my *nunc dimittis*." About the same time he wrote Mr. Canby: "If you will come here, I can show you what will delight your eyes and cure you effectually of that skeptical spirit you used to have about *Shortia galacifolia*. It is before me, with corolla and all, from North Carolina. Think of that! my long faith rewarded at last! P. S.—No other botanist has the news."

To finish his various writings, and to confine his attention to oversight of the herbarium and garden, Dr. Gray resigned his professorship in the University in 1871. From then on he was able to take those journeys in which he so greatly delighted, and to devote himself to his writings. Few men of his years would enjoy such trips. He journeyed to North Carolina to see *Shortia galacifolia* growing wild; flitting to Florida on account of some catarrhal trouble, he busied himself constantly with its flora. With Joseph Hooker he went to Colorado in 1876; in 1880, at seventy years of age, he revisited Europe, making his first journey into Spain, where Murillo's paintings and the Alhambra filled him with delight. When he was seventy-three years old, he writes to Joseph D. Hooker:

We give you up for America this year. I would not have you and Lady Hooker just run over here for a call; it would be too provoking. Well, let us plan for January or February next, and Mexico, Arizona, and southern California. . . . I must tell

you of our two weeks' run, Mrs. Gray and I—[Washington, Cincinnati, St. Louis, Buffalo, New York]—busy days.

In 1885 the proposed trip to Mexico and California took place, but Sir Joseph could not be present. Despairing of Hooker's coming at all, the indefatigable man of seventy-six years concluded to "cross over, say in April. It is time we set about it if we are ever to do it. . . . As this will be 'positively Dr. Gray's last appearance on your shores,' we must make the most of it. Shall we have a Continental jaunt together, or shall you be too much tied at home?"

And thus, among his books, busy in the herbarium and garden, for which he had done so much in journeys which took him to old friends and led him to new objects of interest in nature and art, his peaceful and useful life ebbed away. How few do so much! How few go so happily and quietly! How very few leave such a memory!



The Income Tax in England

By Edward Porritt

Since the Wilson Bill has been before Congress I have repeatedly been asked how people in England regard the income tax, and whether they object to its necessarily inquisitorial features. Objections are made to the tax principally on the ground of its unfair incidence; but English people have been paying it for two generations, and they have long ago come to regard the objection to its inquisitorial character as but a sentimental one, and one for which there is no foundation. English people do not regard the income-tax collector with any more favor than they do the customs officers at the seaports, or the collectors of the local taxes levied by the municipalities. They regard him as a necessary evil, as a representative of the central government making a demand upon them which must be made and met in one form or another. They have, however, absolute confidence in the good faith of the local commissioners for the income tax, and in that of the assessors and collectors, and they know that the secrets of their offices are as well kept as those of the confessional.

All these officers are appointed by the Board of Inland Revenue, which has its headquarters in Somerset House, London. They hold their appointments during good behavior, which practically means that they are appointed for life. After the servants of the post-office, these local officers of the Inland Revenue Department come into more frequent and direct touch with the people than any other class of Government officials. There is inevitably some occasional friction between the assessors and collectors on the one side and the taxpayers on the other; but when it is remembered that the Income Tax Department of the Inland Revenue has to deal annually with incomes aggregating six hundred millions sterling, and to collect nearly fourteen millions sterling a year, or about one-fifth of the total national revenue from direct and indirect taxation, the amount of friction seems comparatively small, and but little of it is carried as far as the law courts.

The income tax, as English people now know it, dates from the period of fiscal reform which began with Sir Robert Peel's administration. The tax was first imposed in 1842. For the first ten years it remained at one fixed sum, and in respect of all incomes above £150 a year people were called upon to pay at the rate of sevenpence in the pound. In round figures, this is about three per cent. The £150 limit was abandoned in 1852, and for the next seven or eight years there was a differential rate, and all incomes over £100 were brought within the operation of the tax.

During this period, on the smaller incomes, those between £100 and £150, the tax ranged from fivepence to elevenpence halfpenny, and on incomes exceeding £150 from sevenpence to one shilling and fourpence in the pound. The income tax was at its highest during this period, which embraces the years 1854-57, when the fiscal policy of England was disturbed by the Crimean War and

the Indian Mutiny. The differential tax was abolished in 1861, when Mr. Gladstone was Chancellor of the Exchequer, in the second Palmerston administration; and from 1861 to 1876, when the late Lord Iddesleigh became Chancellor of the Exchequer, in the second Disraeli administration, all incomes below £100 were free from taxation. In 1876, when the income tax stood at only threepence in the pound, the limit of exemption was further extended; and since that time all incomes under £150 a year have been free. There has, however, been considerable movement in the rate—mostly upward; it is now sevenpence in the pound—since the concession in the interests of the lower middle classes was made by the Disraeli Government.

Income-tax assessments are made under five schedules, lettered, for distinction, A, B, C, D, E. Incomes from land and houses are assessed under schedule A; incomes from the occupation of land—that is, from farmers and graziers—are assessed under schedule B; incomes from investments in railway companies, manufacturing companies, and all kinds of commercial concerns organized on a joint-stock basis, under schedule C; those from profits in trade and professions are assessed under schedule D; while under schedule E are assessed incomes received as salaries and from offices under public companies and corporations.

In the case of persons assessed under schedules A, B, and D, the income-tax assessors have to rely largely upon the returns made on oath by the persons filling up the schedules. It is different, however, with persons assessed under schedules C and E. In the case of persons whose incomes come under schedule C, they have little or no opportunity of cheating the revenue, for the simple reason that in nearly all cases dividends paid by stock companies to shareholders are paid "less income tax."

Persons assessed under schedule E cannot defraud the income-tax commissioners, for in their case the income-tax assessors can learn from the taxpayer's employers the exact amount of salary he is receiving. Every year, in fact, employers are called upon to make detailed returns from their salary-books to the assessors; and if a man in receipt of a salary is tardy in paying his income tax, or shows a disposition to give the revenue officials any trouble, they can make a lien upon his salary. The only leeway that a taxpayer in receipt of a salary, who is disposed to cheat the revenue, has, is in respect of that portion of the schedule in which he returns his income from other sources than his salary. "Other sources," in the phraseology of the tax assessors, include profits derived from buying and selling stocks and shares, letting furnished houses or furnished apartments, interest on money on loan or deposit, including interest on banking account, and sums derived from railway and other investments out of the United Kingdom.

Sources of income coming under this comprehensive heading are difficult to check; but if the assessors have reason to think that a man has not acted honestly by them in filling up his schedule, they can fill up a schedule for him, and assess him to the income tax on their schedule. Filling up an income-tax paper in England is eminently one of those cases in which, from every point of view, honesty and fair dealing is the best policy. The income-tax assessors have an enormous amount of law and endless precedents of a legal character all on their side. They and the commissioners know human nature well; they are generally accurate judges of the men they are dealing with, and in the long run it takes a wonderfully smart man—smart in the dishonorable sense of the word—to get the better of the Inland Revenue Department. If the assessors have dealt unfairly with a man, he has an appeal to the local commissioners. From the commissioners there is an appeal to the law courts.

If husband and wife have separate incomes, each income must be scheduled in the taxing-paper. When a man's income is below £400 a year, he is entitled to make a reduction of £120 from it, and pay on the balance. As soon, however, as the income gets above £400 he is no longer allowed to make the reduction, but must then pay the tax on all he earns. Debts and family claims are never taken into account when assessing income tax. The only other deduction allowed is in respect of life insurance. A tax-

payer in making out his schedule can deduct from his total taxable income the amount he pays on his insurance policy; but to make good this deduction he must attach to his schedule the insurance company's receipt for the payment on the policy for the current year.

The income tax, as it is levied in England, is a comparatively easy one to collect. It requires exactly the same machinery to collect a threepenny tax as to collect a shilling one; and as an additional penny in the pound now brings in an additional £2,500,000 to the Treasury, the income tax is naturally one to which the Chancellor of the Exchequer is most readily disposed to turn when he is called upon to meet a deficit. The tax is one that is paid by the wealthy and the middle classes. The wage-earning working classes never come into contact with the income-tax collector. The Liberal party is the party of the working classes. The landowning classes for a century past have always voted with the Conservatives; and since 1867, as each general election has come round, the Conservatives have received increasingly the votes of the middle classes. Hence it is now always safe for a Liberal Chancellor of the Exchequer "to stick another penny on the income tax;" while it is the policy of the Conservative financiers to reduce the tax, or at any rate to see to it that it is not increased while a Conservative administration is in power.



My Study Fire

Joy in Life

Browning's "Saul" is one of those superb outbursts of poetic force which have for modern ears, accustomed to over-much smooth, careful, and uninspired versification, not only the charm of beauty and energy in high degree, but of contrast as well. It sweeps along, eager, impetuous, resistless as the streams which descend the Alps and rush seaward with the joy of mountain torrents. So much contemporary verse is dainty, melodious, and unimpassioned that the tumultuous music of a virile song, overflowing all the shallow channels of artifice, and sweeping into the deep courses of human experience and emotion, is as thrilling as a glimpse of the sea after long hours on some pretty lake in some well-ordered park. Great art of any kind involves a great temperament even more than great intellect; since the essence of art is never intellectual, but always the complete expression of the whole nature. A great temperament is a rarer gift than a great mind; and it is the distinctive gift of the artist. Browning had the vitality, the freshness of feeling, the eagerness of interest, the energy of spirit, which witness this temperament. He had an intense joy in life simply as life, in nature simply as nature, without reference to what lay behind. For one must feel freshly and powerfully through the senses before one can represent the inner meaning of life and nature in art. In "Saul" there are elements of profound psychologic interest, but first and foremost there is the intense and vivid consciousness of the glory of life for a healthy human being, and of the splendor of the world. Rarely has this superb health found such thrilling expression as on the lips of the young poet be-guiling the furious spirit in the mighty Saul:

Oh, our manhood's prime vigor! no spirit feels waste,
Not a muscle is stopped in its playing nor sinew unbraced.
Oh, the wild joys of living! the leaping from rock up to rock,
The strong rending of boughs from the fir-tree, the cool silver
shock

Of the plunge in a pool's living water, the hunt of the bear,
And the sultriness showing the lion is couched in his lair.
And the meal, the rich dates yellowed over with gold-dust divine,
And the locust-flesh steeped in the pitcher, the full draught of
wine,

And the sleep in the dried river-channel where bulrushes tell
That the water was wont to go warbling so softly and well.
How good is man's life, the mere living! how fit to employ
All the heart and the soul and the senses forever in joy!

After the wailing monotonies and the chorus of lamentation which of late years have risen in so many quarters, such music as this song of David's thrills the blood like a

bugle-call; and such a victorious strain was the natural prelude to the great vision of faith in which the song rises to its noble climax.

Brilliance of temperament and the freshness and spontaneity of feeling which go with it are a part of the inheritance of such men as Gautier, whose virile face, with its great shock of yellow hair, had at times a leonine aspect; but one hardly anticipates the possession of such gifts by a sick and overburdened man like Richard Jefferies, who was so long in finding his field, and who, when it was found, had so short a working-day in it. This temperament is, however, in a way, independent of physical condition; it is much more the buoyancy of a rich nature than the surplusage of a strong physique. In his last years Jefferies rivaled Heine in the intensity of his sufferings, but to the very end he answered the appeal of nature to the senses with passionate longing. In such men vitality triumphs over all moods and asserts the sovereignty of life even while life is swiftly receding from them. Few men have known the black shadows on the landscape more intimately than Jefferies, and rarely have these shadows been reflected with more appalling realism than in some of his pages. "Our bodies," he says, "are full of unsuspected flaws, handed down, it may be, for thousands of years, and it is of these that we die, and not of natural decay. . . . The truth is, we die through our ancestors; we are murdered by our ancestors. Their dead hands stretch forth from the tomb and drag us down to their moldering bones." All the horror of Ibsen's "Ghosts" is condensed in that last sentence; it falls on the ear like the sudden clang of the bell on the ear of the man waiting for the guillotine.

And yet Jefferies, being a really noble artist in the force of his feeling for nature and his power of recording her phenomena and reflecting her moods, had the deep, natural joyousness and the invincible vitality of the artistic temperament. He was sensitive to those gradations of color and form of which the less gifted observer takes no account. "Color and form and light," he says, "are as magic to me; it is a trance; it requires a language of ideas to express it. . . . A fagot, the outline of a leaf, low tints without reflecting power, strike the eye as a bell the ear. To me they are intensely clear, and the clearer the greater the pleasure. It is often too great, for it takes me away from solid pursuits merely to receive the impression, as water is still to receive the trees." With this quick impressionability there goes a passionate love of life and a passionate longing to have it flowing through him like a tide instead of ebbing with an ever-feeble current. In that heartbreaking book, "The Story of My Heart," this longing breaks from him in an anguish of unsatisfied desire:

There, alone, I went down to the sea. I stood where the foam came to my feet, and looked out over the sunlit waters. The great earth bearing the richness of the harvest, and its hills golden with corn, was at my back; its strength and firmness under me. The great sun shone above, the wide sea was before me, the wind came sweet and strong from the waves. The life of the earth and the sea, the glow of the sun, filled me; I touched the surge with my hand, I lifted my face to the sun, I opened my lips to the wind. I prayed aloud in the roar of the waves—my soul was strong as the sea, and prayed with the sea's might. Give me fullness of life like to the sea and sun, and to the earth and the air; give me fullness of physical life, mind equal and beyond their fullness; give me a greatness and perfection of soul higher than all things; give me my inexpressible desire which swells in me like a tide—give it to me with all the force of the sea!

To some people this outcry for abundance of life and the joy of the senses may seem like a pagan mood; but if it be, it is a form of paganism sadly needed in these days of depression and debility. One would better be a frank and healthy pagan than a diseased and wailing pessimist; for paganism had its faith, its ideals, and its glorious productiveness, while a despairing melancholy has nothing but its own morbid self-consciousness. A return to the right kind of paganism might deliver us from some of the evils which have ensnared us. But the essence of the longing for the joy of the senses and for fullness of life, expressed

in so many ways by so many men of artistic nature, is not sensuousness but vitality; it is the hunger of the whole nature for a deeper draught at the fountain whence its being flows; and its presence in the artist temperament explains its presence in great art. For the great art of the world is instinct with vitality; it overflows with life; it is full of joy and strength. Touching, as it does so constantly, the tragic themes, it is not mastered by them, but interprets them in the light of those higher laws whose servants we are. Shakespeare turns away from no tragic situation, and shrinks from no tragic problem; but how serene he is, and what marvelous freshness of feeling shines through his work and gives it the touch of that Nature whose dew falls with every eve, and whose flowers bloom afresh with every dawn!

H. W. M.



A Panorama of Charitable Work

By Daniel C. Gilman, LL.D.¹

The Associated Charities of this and other countries held a Congress in Chicago last summer, and their proceedings are about to be published in an octavo volume of over four hundred pages. In this volume the reader will find an expression of the opinions upon the organization and administration of charities from many thoughtful students and observers in England, France, Germany, Italy, Russia, and in many States of the American Union. Most if not all of the writers are persons who have devoted years to the study of human sufferings and delinquencies, and to the agencies by which the strong endeavor to bear in part the burdens of the weak. Many of the contributors, if not all, are officially connected in the administration of public or private charities. Not a few of them are known far beyond the borders of their own country as authorities or experts in the treatment of pauperism and the prevention of misery, vice, and crime. Their collective essays afford a sort of panorama of the charitable work of Christendom at the close of the nineteenth century. The panorama, however, is not complete. Hospitals, dispensaries, and institutions for the relief of the aged, the protection of the young, and the restoration of the feeble do not come within the present survey. Nor are educational, reformatory, or penitentiary establishments discussed in this volume. But the methods now employed in Europe and America for the prevention of pauperism, the relief of poverty, and the orderly administration of beneficence are here succinctly set forth, with all the variety of expression that is suggested by spontaneous efforts in different conditions, under various traditions and laws, and described by men and women who are unacquainted with the views of their collaborators. In all this diversity, a remarkable unity of principles will be soon discovered. Four principles are generally recognized as wise and correct, and in some places are, indeed, so familiar that they appear elementary.

First, the nature and influence of charitable works and the comparative values of different modes of procedure are as worthy of exact study as are the facts and laws of political economy. If humanity is still far from having worked out "a science of charity," it has taken the first steps toward the establishment of a systematic and trustworthy system; it has undertaken to collect the facts and to make some generalizations upon the information thus brought together. Organized charity proceeds upon the assumption of the unity of human nature, so that, although laws, religions, traditions, and usages differ in different lands, like causes everywhere tend to produce the like effects. It examines the methods which have been employed for the relief of necessities in the light of these consequent results. It records and compares the experience acquired in towns and villages and country places. It notes the rise and fall of individual characters, and the uplifting or the degradation of families and neighborhoods. It observes particularly the effects of good and bad financial laws and ordinances; of good and bad sanitary regulations; of good and

bad religious and moral influences. As it makes these studies, charity organization is not at all alarmed if it is called, in a sneering tone, "scientific," for history is full of examples of the taunts that have been thrown upon the beginnings of a science. Nor is charity organization dismayed by being opposed as cold and unsympathetic. The medical and surgical arts are constant witnesses to the truth that severe remedies are sometimes the most efficacious, and that, to be truly helpful to a sufferer, the adviser must be intelligent, calm, firm, and self-controlled. As the analogy between the diseases of the human body and the failures of human society is apparent, so too are the analogies of treatment. There must be a science of pathology, which ascertains and describes the characteristic lesions, before empirical methods can be superseded and the true principles of hygienic and sanitary science be established. In social as in bodily ailments, the art of healing must be based upon ascertained facts and on accumulated experience.

Secondly, it is another principle of charity organization that there shall be no needless expenditure of force—no dissipation of energy. Four agencies which are at work in almost every community—civil, ecclesiastical, associated, and individual beneficence—must be brought into such harmonious relations that there will be no overlapping or duplication of charitable support. The State has its legitimate province; so has religious sympathy and good will; so has associated or institutional activity; so has private generosity. The effort of charity organization is to protect each of these humane influences, and likewise to prevent their rivalry and conflict. There are two dangers ever hovering over a charitable community—that the expenses of administration shall be disproportionate to the good accomplished; and that, for the lack of adjustment and co-operation, the recipient of aid will be so amply supplied that he becomes permanently dependent or pauperized. It is only by careful comparison of the facts that the benevolent forces of any community can be wisely and economically administered. Co-operation in charity is of prime importance.

Thirdly, charity, to be really and permanently efficacious, must always (except in emergencies like fire, accident, and sudden illness) be guided by personal acquaintance with the wants that are to be relieved. Indiscriminate almsgiving, at the door or on the street; the free bestowal of food, "no questions being asked;" spasmodic liberality one day and crisp parsimony the next; the avoidance of particular inquiries in respect to the conditions of those who seek assistance, may satisfy the conscience of a tender-hearted person—but his alms will probably aggravate in his beneficiaries the distresses that ought to be healed. No process is more favorable to the encouragement of improvidence, laziness, and intemperance than the heedless generosity which gives to all who ask, without discrimination. Nevertheless, busy people, especially in large towns, are often unable to make domiciliary visits. Here come in the associated charities. A central office, with its auxiliaries, and especially with its staff of agents and visitors, will investigate, for those who cannot make their own inquiries, every apparent case of need.

Fourthly, the best of all charities is not that which gives something for nothing, but that which gives something in return for industry, labor, economy, self-sacrifice, and self-help. Work, for the strong and healthy, is better far than a dole. Useful labor, fairly required, uplifts the needy man, by perpetuating the consciousness that he does not belong to an impoverished class; bounties carelessly bestowed, without any return, tend to place the recipient in the ranks of the pauper. This principle does not prevent generous treatment of those who are dependent, good pay for their work, and special help in times of sickness and distress; nor kindness to those who are rearing and teaching young children, to those who are in sorrow, to those suddenly thrown out of work. The effort is always to be made to keep from sinking lower those who by misconduct or misfortune are on the verge of permanent shiftlessness and distress. But the mainstay of every family, of every in-

¹ President of the Johns Hopkins University.

dividual, must be work—unless age or infirmity intervenes; and those who are charitably disposed do the greatest service to the needy by providing for them tasks of a useful character for which a moderate payment can be made.



The Will of a Pauper

By Emily Huntington Miller

In Two Parts—II.

The room into which the Squire was ushered was not in the wing set apart as the special quarters of the town poor. It opened directly from the keeping-room, and was set out with all the bravest of Sally's housewifely furnishings—high-post bedstead, mahogany bureau with fluted glass knobs for handles, tall, narrow mirror shaded with asparagus-boughs, and high mantel bearing upon each end a plaster vase filled with a marvelous assortment of peaches, oranges, grapes, and tomatoes, and in the middle the family daguerreotypes, set open and grouped about the silver coffin-plates of two departed members. Sally had resigned this stately room to her gasping charge with a brief pang, but the sacrifice was so immense that she felt bound to justify it to herself by the plea that she must have him "handy."

Really it was that the room was cool and airy, and had a pleasant outlook over the fields to the pine woods beyond the river. The river itself was not visible, but you knew it was there, and when the air was hot and lifeless it was good to think of it, moving noiselessly under the black shadow of its pines, or foaming over rocks and tumbling into cool, plashing falls. That is, if you were not a pauper, and had any claim to imaginary comforts.

With his tawny face bleached by sickness, and his hair smoothed and softened by Sally's motherly tendance, the sick man looked altogether a different person from the discouraged laborer whose slow, slouching gait was familiar to the Squire. His gray eyes glowed from deep hollows, and his weak chin and womanish mouth were half hidden by a growth of yellow beard, for whose offensive presence Sally scarcely felt sickness to be an excuse. Propped up with pillows, his skinny hands locked together upon the red and green parrots of the gorgeous quilt, he watched every movement with a pathetic air of patient waiting.

The poormaster drew forward a chair, tipping it a little to spill out a black and yellow cat coiled upon the cushion, and, with a nod at Sandy, the Squire seated himself, hitching his chair a little closer to the bed, and laying his papers upon a three-legged stand, already occupied by vials and powders.

Sally laid in her lap the dingy little book from which she had been reading aloud, and kept on waving her turkey-feather fan, while Jason seated himself on the foot of the bed, hitting it occasionally with his restless legs, at which the sick man winced nervously, as his betters might have done, but spoke no word of remonstrance.

"I think," said the Squire, rubbing his hands over his knees, "I had better have a consultation with my client in private."

"Hey?" said Jason. "Don't want no witnesses? Wa'al, it's all right if *he* says so," and he looked at Sandy with an amused appreciation of the joke which set him up as a "client."

"He" did say so, with an air of apology for making so much trouble, whispering hoarsely to Sally: "Bring me the papers first—the ones I gave you to keep."

Sally opened the top drawer of the bureau, and took out a thin packet, securely tied and sealed, yet much worn at the corners, and exhaling, in spite of its recent embalming in rose-leaves and lavender, only the fragrance of ancient tobacco-smoke. She laid it within easy reach of the feeble fingers, smiled assuringly into the wan face that made grateful protest at any small service, and stopped to shake the pillows and crowd them a little closer to the bent shoulders before she followed her husband from the room.

The sight of the packet set all the Squire's professional instincts on the scent of business. Sandy clutched the papers, drew up his knees under the gay quilt till he could

rest his chin upon them, and fixed his burning eyes upon the Squire, till even that unimpressible being grew uneasy under their intense gaze.

"I want to know," he slowly panted, "if there's any law to stop a man leaving his lawfle prop'ty any way he likes—takin' no 'count of kin?"

"Certainly not, if he is of sound and disposing mind."

"Then I want you t' draw me up a will, 'n' give all my prop'ty to Jason an' Sally Hicks, both of 'em ekal, an' the one that's lef' ef ary one was t' die. It's a good piece away from here; mebby 't won't do 'em much good, then ag'in mebby 't might—folks can't be sure where they're goin' t' locate 'n this worl' much more'n th' nex'."

If the Squire felt any astonishment, he did not betray it, but went on cutting the nibs of his goose-quill and trying it on his thumb-nail; then, clearing his throat sharply and adjusting his spectacles, he scratched on through the opening phrases, as familiar to him as his alphabet.

"As hereinafter described—how shall I describe this property?"

"Write 'all my prop'ty,'" said the sick man, his fevered eyes fixed on the Squire's stubby fingers as if to hasten them in their task, "'includin' six hundred 'n' forty acres of land in Sacramento County, California, with all the buildin's 'n' any stock 't may lawf'ly b'long t' me, bein' th' ranch I bought of Abram Crashaw, July, '52, 'n' described 'n th' deed drawed up time o' sale.'"

He fumbled at the wrappers, but, though the seals were broken, he could not untie the string, and finally thrust the papers towards the Squire, whose quick eye ran through the maze of legal phrases and gathered that here was a deed signed by Abram Crashaw and his wife Mary, transferring to Alexander Fergurson, his heirs and assigns forever, a certain carefully described property, in consideration of a sum of money, whose receipt was hereby acknowledged.

He turned it over, looked at the date, examined the signatures of the witnesses, held the notary's seal to the light, and turned his small eyes expectantly upon Sandy. The faintest trace of a smile lurked about Sandy's sad mouth, and his abject, apologizing air seemed to have been laid aside, as if belonging to a character he had no longer any occasion for.

"Didn't take me fur a man of prop'ty, did ye, Square? Y' know I went t' th' mines."

"I—had that impression," admitted the Squire.

"Yes, 'n' I was lucky—struck it rich 'n' kep' on, but y' cahn't keep thet sort of money in yer pu's'—comes too easy. Feller out thar f'm State er Maine kep' at me t' buy land; said the' was plaguy sight more money raisin' stock 'n minin', take it in the long run, an' the long run's what a man's gotter consider. Minin' claps the taxes on a man's constertooshun putty heavy, 'n' fust y' know yer sold up. Well, sir, one day when I hed a pocket full I come acrost a man up country wanted to sell an' git back to his folks in Injeanny. I never stopped to think twict. We rode up to th' settlement, 'n' hed the papers drawed, 'n' I went my way 'n' he went his'n. He was to stay on 'n' git in his crops, 'n' settle up."

The sick man lay back against the pillows, his thin blue nostrils dilating and contracting with every panting breath as he slowly gasped:

"He—never did; throwed f'm 'is hoss, brought home dead. I—I—*married th' widder.*"

The Squire rubbed his head vigorously, and a look of grim sarcasm spread over the sick man's face, as if, at this distance, he saw the humor of the situation.

"She felt so bad—no frien's, only his folks; no home, 'less I giv' up the prop'ty. I couldn't turn her out, 'n' I hed to do it—she—she—"

A long spasm of coughing threatened to permanently stop the story, but with his first full breath Sandy Fergurson raised his skeleton finger and beckoned the Squire closer, saying, in a choking whisper:

"She—*was the devil!*"

"Bless my soul!" said the Squire, starting back involuntarily as the vehement sentence was shot at him, followed by a rattle as if the organs of speech were running down.

He busied himself with engrossing "together with all and singular," until his client was somewhat restored.

"Dead?" he asked, looking up inquiringly.

"I reckon," said Sandy, indifferently.

"Children?"

Sandy shook his head.

"The' was the pootiest little creeter they'd 'dopted out of 'n emigrant wagon—ef she'd lived I'd stayed on."

The sad mouth twitched, and two great drops rolled out from his eyes and lay in the dusky hollows beneath them.

"Do y' reckon, Square, folks recko'nize each other when they git to heaven, so 's to know them they hain't seed f'r a good spell?"

"I—really, that is a matter concerning which we—a—have no direct revelation, and it would be presumptuous to attempt to fathom the mysteries of heaven. Theologians are divided."

"Yes," said the sick man, wearily, "they're allus divided about what a man reely wants t' know. I don't see's it's any more presumptuous tryin' t' look into the myst'ries of heaven th'n hell, but folks th't claim to be 's well posted 'bout thet place 's if they'd staked it out 'n' hed a tax-list of all th' residen's, talk about heaven in a way to make a man dead lonesome to think of."

The Squire disapproved of this irreverent criticism of the fathers whose survey of the future state was to him the end of all controversy, but he finished his work, thrust his quill behind his ear, and got up briskly, saying:

"Now, if we can find proper witnesses—"

"Call Jason and Sally—I don't want anybody else."

"That won't do; being interested parties." And the Squire opened the door and beckoned to Jason Hicks.

The poormaster dropped his long legs from the window-sill and sauntered in, chewing a corner of the almanac which he had been perusing as the only secular reading allowable on Sunday.

"Wa'al, Sandy, fixed y' up all right, hey?" he inquired, good-naturedly; but Sally went straight to her patient, shook up his pillows, felt his damp forehead, and proceeded to administer a reviving dose.

"We want two credible witnesses," began the Squire; "some of the town-folks 'll do."

Sally's eyes flashed dangerously, and her husband looked as if there might be an end even to his forbearance.

"Ef Sally 'n' me ain't as credible 's any of th' town poor—"

Every feature of the sick man looked an eloquent protest at Sally, but the Squire said, loftily:

"It's only a technicality; better call some one else. Where's old man Jackson? he'll do."

"Jackson ain't 'round; jes' gone f'r th' cows. Tim Baker might do, mebby; hain't got but one leg, but the's 'nough on 'im lef' f'r a witness 's long 's he kin put it 'n writin'. Tim couldn't tell the truth with his tongue, not ef he had six legs."

The sound of a wagon rumbling along the road solved the difficulty.

"Hey, there! hold on," shouted the poormaster, thrusting his head from the window in such haste that he snapped off the top of the tallest hollyhock, though only the sick man noticed it. He had watched the yellow blossoms day after day, poised airily, like butterflies, on the sides of the stalk. He liked to hear the bumblebees come trumpeting to them in the morning. It made him think of a time, ages and ages ago, when a little boy he knew used to stand on tiptoe to catch the bees, with soft, cruel fingers, in just such silken blossoms, and a busy woman used to pause in her work to scold him, in a voice that somehow could not help being sweet and coaxing. He had seen every flower open, and watched the stalk stretch itself slowly upward from the place where now was a ripe seed at the level of the window-sill, to the one that shook out its crumpled leaves that very morning. There were a good many buds left—they seemed to keep coming—no matter; he should not miss them much longer.

The poormaster came back from the gate, followed by two men, who tried to walk softly, but only succeeded in prolonging a little the screech of their Sunday boots. Both

attempted to look becomingly solemn, but surprise and curiosity defeated their well-meant efforts.

Sandy's eyes were fast losing their brightness, but he roused himself to grasp the pen which the Squire handed him, and trace his signature.

"There," said he, "I want Cap'n Cady, 'n' John Barrett, 'n' all on ye, to witness 't this is my las' will 'n' testim'nt, exactly 's I want it, 'n' I've signed it hevin' all th' senses th' Lord ever gin me."

His hand trembled as he gave up the pen, and one tiny drop fell on the quilt. John Barrett, the village store-keeper, and Cap'n Cady, one of the selectmen, signed as witnesses, and the Squire completed the document, looking instinctively for his sand-box, and then waving the paper in the air to dry it.

"I suppose I had better keep these until—for the present," he said, gathering up all the papers.

"Give 'em to Sally," said the sick man.

"It would hardly be a regular proceeding; I should advise, under the circumstances—"

"Give 'em to Sally," said Sandy, with a sick man's petulant determination; and the Squire laid the papers on the stand, and took up his hat with dignity. He shook hands with the two witnesses, and finally with Sandy, though with an air of conferring an unmerited favor, and then every one went out but Sally.

The poormaster was deeply hurt at being shut out from the last confidences of his poor friend, but he was not the man to allow his feelings to interfere with hospitality.

"Se' down, Square; take a seat, Cap'n; John, hold on till I fetch y' out a cheer. Got a new bar'l russet cider open; I'll go down 'n' draw some."

No one refused the invitation, and Jason, arming himself with a candlestick and a fat brown pitcher, disappeared down the cellar-way.

"Russet cider," remarked the Squire, "is getting proper skerce since the old orchards are dying out."

"Jes' so," assented the Cap'n; "dying out, as you say. There's th' Eb Clapp place, hain't got a good bearin' tree left, 'n' th' Jeremiah Dow farm, useter be good for five or six hunder' bushels, clear run out. Wa'al, Square, we're gittin' old, too, same's th' trees—'place 't now knows us sh'll know us no more.'"

The Squire did not answer. He was listening to the pleasant swish and gurgle that came up the open stairway; and when the head of the poormaster rose above the sloping doors, he took the quid of tobacco from his cheek and smacked his lips expectantly.

"There, Square," said Jason, handing him a generous mug, "that's genooine russet cider, an' not a drop of wum-juice in it. Sandy 'n' me picked them apples by hand."

"Poor Sandy!" sighed the Cap'n; "seems kinder unfeelin' we should set here drinkin' the cider he helped make, an' he jest a—jest a—thank ye, Jason—"

The Cap'n took a deep draught from the mug before he concluded—"on a narrer neck o' land, as 'twere."

"It's the common course of life, Cap'n," said the Squire, who was deliberately making the most of his cider. "Other men labor, and we enter into their labors, and *vicy versey*."

"Sandy was good help," put in John Barrett; "willin' an' stiddy, though 't took a lot of vittles to fill him up; an' I allus said he knowed more'n folks give him credit f'r."

"Sandy Fergusson knew as much as you or—" the Squire hesitated; he had nearly said "you or I," but, not wishing to be extravagant, compromised by saying "you or the majority of our fellow-beings," and went on sipping his cider.

It hurt the poormaster that they all spoke of Sandy in the past tense, as if he no longer had a place in the world. It seemed to him heartless to be in such haste to shut the door of this warm, tangible life upon him, and thrust him away into some strange region. He sat silent until the Squire finished his cider and set the mug on the bench.

"'Mazin' good cider, Jason; best cider I've tasted for fifteen years."

He took up his cane and nodded a good-by to his companions.

"Afternoon, Jason; let me know if—anything happens."

The dog lying under the bench lifted his red eyes in-

quivering, crawled out between Cap'n Cady's legs, and paced meditatively after his master.

"See here, Square," said Jason, following him down the path, "I told Sandy I'd see this thing through if 'twas any satisfaction to him, 'n' I cal'late to stick to my word. Here's yer money."

He drew from the depths of his trousers pocket a silver half-dollar, the utmost limit of his conception of a fee; but the Squire waved it off.

"Never mind that now, Jason; there may be some other services. I never transact unnecessary business on Sunday."

"Jes' 's you say, Square; it's ready f'r ye any time y' say so."

"Won't ye ride, Square?" called out John Barrett. "We can manage by settin' clost."

"Bleeged to ye, John; I'll go back 'cross lots," answered the cunning Squire, who saw in this tardy civility only a desire to learn something about the mystery of the will.

"Might 's well go down to th' berryin'-ground, 'n' try to git noos out of a cawps, 's outer Square Weaver," grumbled the Cap'n, looking with a morose air into the empty pitcher which John had already drained; "reely seems 's if 'twas my dooty, bein' one of th' s'lectmen, to see thet will."

"Now, Cap'n, if you 'n' John 'll excuse me, I'll go 'n' set by Sandy, so 's Sally can 'tend to th' milk."

The poormaster disappeared without waiting for any response, and his visitors had no choice but to go.

"By crackey!" said John Barrett, turning the old mare's nose away from the post.

"Sing'lar pr'ceedin', very," responded the Cap'n; "fust time I ever heerd of a town pauper makin' a will."

"Suthin' queer about it, no mistake. My 'pinion Hicks 'n' his wife hev made a good thing on 't. Why didn't they sign fer witnesses, 'nless they was int'rested parties?"

"Hey? Wa'al, there is suthin' in thet idee; looks s'picious, too, him bein' set up in th' bes' bedroom 'n' waited on so p'ticklar."

"They did jes' th' same f'r old Nance, though, you rec'lect, Cap'n; Jase 'n' his wife are queer."

"That's so, but 'tain't in natur' to go on doin' fer folks year out an' year in; why, lemme see—Sandy Fergusson come back 'long about—must 'a' been th' year I built my swill-house—I rec'lect he helped shave th' shingles—coughin' bad he was, too."

"Don't say so! I shouldn't 'a' said 'twas so fur back. Wa'al, he hes held out."

"An' you may depend, Jase 'n' his wife hes knowed all long how th' land lay. That prop'ty ought by rights to come to the town."

"Y' know he wa'n't reely on th' town—never got a permit. Jason took him in his own fahm'ly."

"What fahm'ly hes he got *but* the town poor? But then prob'ly the 'ain't any prop'ty to speak of."

"Shoh, Cap'n, when you ketch old Square Weaver drawin' up a will f'r a man 't hain't got prop'ty t' dispose of, you'll ketch a weasel asleep; but I s'pose we may as well keep close 'bout it f'r the time bein'."

"May's well; 'specially 's we hain't got inf'mation 'nough to pay f'r takin' out."

Having made his will, there seemed no possible reason why Sandy Fergusson should not die; to go on living seemed like indefinitely prolonging a visit after you had taken leave of your host. But when the poormaster came back, even his unobservant eyes recognized a new expression of repose on the sick man's face, that had been wont to look up in silent apology for staying so long in the way.

"Why, Sandy," he called, cheerfully, "yer better a'ready; 'clare for 't, I b'lieve ye'll git well: wish't I'd hed the Square up sooner."

"Them two gone?" asked Sally.

"Jes' startin' off."

"What'd they come snoopin' round for?"

"Come 'cause they was called, mos' likely."

"Needn' tell me; they heerd you called the Square."

Cap'n Cady'd like to hev all the town 'bleeged to come to him fer leave to sneeze."

Sally gathered up the papers, laid them in the drawer, and went to the window to roll the green paper shade higher.

"There's that old hen squattin' herself down ag'in amongst my merrygools—shoo, there! you c'ntrary old simpleton! Shaw! here's that yellow hollyhawk broke square off, 'n' I hain't saved a mite of seed."

She reached out for the dangling top and began breaking the husk from a seed to try if it was ripe.

"Let me have the blow," said Sandy, and she broke off the yellow blossom and laid it in his trembling hand.

"It's a nice color, but they don't smell; I'll fetch ye some 'old-man' when I get the milk strained."

She laid the broken stem behind one of the plaster vases, and went out of the room; and Sandy lay so still that presently the poormaster tiptoed after her, dropping his knife, and jarring the stand as he stooped to pick it up, so that the bottles clashed together.

"He's 'sleep," he said, in a noisy, penetrative whisper, at which Sandy smiled. He moved his fingers to touch the tips of the soft petals; he even managed to gather them together and raise the flower towards his ear; and then a strange look stole over his face. His eyes did not move from the window which looked towards the river. The sun was setting behind the pine woods, and one little rosy fleck of cloud drifted like a boat above the tree-tops. The cows had come up from the meadow, but the oxen, enjoying their Sunday rest, were still feeding on the short, bunchy grass. He could hear an impatient low from old Sukey in the lane, the slow creak of the pump-handle, and the water pouring into the trough, and he knew how the horses were drinking, their wide nostrils flaring and their liquid eyes full of quiet content. The rosy boat had drifted away, and in its place were golden islands and cliffs purple with shadows. His eyes wavered and dropped away from the far-off splendor. The room was growing dusky, but something faintly luminous wavered through the darkness like a soft, transparent curtain blown into billowy folds by the night air. The wind freshened, and the narrow, flag-bottomed chair rocked a little, very slowly. There was a faint humming in the yellow blossom, a low, complaining cry of something imprisoned and struggling for freedom. He felt it beat like a pulse against his fingers. His eyes, suddenly bright, looked expectantly upward; his fingers loosened; the crumpled flower fell away from them, and Sandy lay on his pillow, smiling, as a child smiles in a dream.

"I found him jest that way," said Sally, rehearsing the story to a neighbor who had come in to borrow some "emp'tin's;" "he lay there as peaceable as a baby, an' I never mistrusted he was dead. I'd picked him a bunch of old-man, 'n' I walked right up 'n' held it to his nose to smell—you see, 'twas kinder dark in the bedroom—"

"Makes me feel creepy to think of it. I s'pose you didn't see nothin', did ye? Old Mis' Babcock went off that way, and when Em'line come in to the bedroom suthin' breshed past her, goin' out."

"No, I didn't see anything, but I took notice of that chair you're settin' in: it was rockin' kind of slow, as if somebody had jest riz up from it. The's a sight of things we don't understand."

"Yis 'n deed, Mis' Hicks. Wa'al, I must be goin'. An' you ain't goin' to do nothin' about that will? hev it proba-ted, or whatever?"

"No, we ain't. Square Weaver he's been up, an' Cap'n Cady's kep' a-naggin' at Mr. Hicks till he says if 'twa'n't a State's prison 'fense he'd tear it up. Sandy set a dretfle sight by Mr. Hicks, an' he'd been glad to give us the hull world, but, lawfe sakes, what'd we want of land in Californy? Might's well be in Africky."

"An' I s'pose Mr. Hicks 'd be li'ble for the taxes, and road-tax, too, f's I know?"

"Like's anyway. I told Mr. Hicks seemed a pity to waste all that writin'—the Square's a reel nice writer—an' he said he guessed he'd put a coddercil to it 'n' leave it to the town poor."

The Home

Social Weeds

We all have them in our circle of acquaintances—those people who, in public, present the appearance of being intimates with us. Chance reference to incidents that the listeners may not understand; whispered conferences about nothing; voicing your opinion as if you had delegated to them the authority to speak for you, are joined with frank comments on your appearance and belongings. It is this type of person that is continually throwing you into doubtful relations by repeating half-sentences, telling half-truths, misinterpreting you to your friends and the wider circle of acquaintances. And all this is done with such an appearance of innocence that they almost convince you that they are true. If only they would do something tangible, something that you could grasp firmly in your own mind, that would justify you in dropping them because they were dangerous! Alas! they keep within the pale of endurance, and play upon your credulity each time, and you, at least while in their presence, accept their statement, listen to their misinterpretation, half believing they have repented of the error of their ways, and are truthful at last.

At first the individual discovers them, and after a time the circle, and then their day of power is over. It only shows us how helpless we are—mere straws on the social current. We cannot live our ideals except in our own souls; the dear public must take the reflection that, not our friends, but our acquaintances, hold up. We cannot control the false impression conveyed by these mirrors—some representing us tall and cadaverous, some short and broad to the point of grotesqueness: both caricatures.

The friction comes if we do not accept these misinterpreters as the natural phenomena of untrained morals and manners. They are social weeds whose immortality protects them from being uprooted from the social soil.



The Outsider in the Home

By Margaret E. Sangster

"It seems to be clearly our duty," wrote a friend the other day, "to invite Mrs. — into our home for the winter. John and I have had a good many consultations over it, our little household being so sweet and harmonious, and our children developing so beautifully, that we dread the introduction of a disturbing element, and poor Mrs. — has had such a hard life, it has made her irritable and sharp. We dread it a little, but it does seem so plainly a divine appointment for us that we mean to be cheery about it, and let it make our home the richer."

There spoke the true Christian spirit, the spirit that takes up the cross and straightway hides it under the flowers of meekness and tender love. In my childhood it happened that, at different periods, somebody, distinctly an outsider, became for a while a member of our family. I did not then understand, as I do now, how much these visitations, extending sometimes over many months, added to the cares of my delicate little mother, nor how brave she was in receiving each person, woman or man, belonging to kinsfolk or acquaintance, as it might be, with simple and cordial hospitality. One such temporary inmate, a stranger in the land, friendless and solitary, was taken ill under our roof, died there, and was buried in our family plot, my parents commiserating his loneliness even in death. I remember that we children thought very kindly and tenderly of this man, who had been tethered to us by a tenuous thread of association from over the sea, and were glad that he was not all alone in the cemetery, on windy nights when the rain fell.

Another inmate of our home, one who spent several winters with us, was a droll little maiden lady, a tailoress, who sometimes did her work in her room, and sometimes went out by the day, to make down "father's trousers for little Benjamin" in the home of a neighbor or in some thrifty household where the means were limited and the people above false pride. There would Miss Mary turn and press and retrim with buttons and braid father's own top-coat—a heavy piece of work, to be tackled only by valiant and capable hands—or, if need were, put quilts in the frame, or something else that was to be done.

I possess two much-prized mementos of this little lady. One is her tailor's press-board, narrow at one end and broad at the other, smooth with use and dark with age. The other hangs on my bedroom wall, a piece of worsted work, wrought by my own little childish hands under her supervision, an accomplished fact at last, of which we were both very proud, and which the girls of to-day laugh at very merrily when they survey it now.

This friend married from our house, and her wedding was the first I ever attended. She wore a gown of changeable silk, and looked very splendid. Only a few years ago, in her widowhood and ripe old age, she passed away; but as long as she lived she came and went in my home as she had in my mother's, at her own will, and always welcome.

Another and less agreeable outsider who spent a year in my girlhood's home was a remote connection who had outlived all her own people, and drifted at seventy into the safe harbor of our domicile. Fretful, crotchety, perverse beyond belief, this old gentlewoman greatly taxed my dear mother's almost invincible patience, but it stood the strain, not breaking down even on the memorable morning when Grandma, as we called her by courtesy, did not come to breakfast nor to prayers. We knocked at her door. Dead silence within. We listened. A hush as of the grave! We pried open the lock, our hearts beating with awe and fear. Tableau! There sat Grandma, fully dressed in black bombazine, white fluted cap over her brown false front (a woman with natural gray hair would not have behaved so, I am sure), white kerchief crossed over her ample breast, spectacles on, Bible in her hand. Forestalling speech of ours, the dame severely said, as soon as our heads appeared in the doorway:

"What is the meaning, may I ask, of this remarkable intrusion? Am I not to be permitted to enjoy my devotions in peace?"

I hold firmly to the belief that there are two sides to every question that can possibly be presented to a human being. *This* question has, perhaps, three or four sides. *Imprimis*, we generally conceive of the ideal home as being composed of father, mother, and children. When the children are in the nursery, in the time of all others susceptible to impressions, and of all others formative, we do prefer for them the molding hand only of those to whom God has committed their care. Yet a grandmother, an aunt, a dear kinsman, is often directly helpful and of great advantage in a child's life. And perhaps an outsider, not so close as these, may be by way of a liberal education to the little ones and young people in the home.

An outsider brings in, for one thing, another point of view. It is always well to get the point of view of others than one's immediate relatives. Our own people may have excellent notions and admirable ways, but it does not follow that these will not be improved by some modification, some new influence from without. Just as travel broadens and enlarges the mind of the traveler, so the stay-at-home person may be broadened by the daily intercourse with somebody whose experiences are entirely opposite from his own.

The presence of an outsider in the home is apt to repress certain candors and familiarities which do not tend to peace. There is less friction where there is the practice of courteous conventionalities than where people allow themselves to find fault unchecked, or to utter hasty words, which may soon be repented of, but leave a sting, nevertheless, and a scar.

An outsider probably helps to bring the housekeeping up to a high-water mark of uniform painstaking. Spotted

table-cloths, soiled napkins, clouded silver, lint-rough china and glass, should never be tolerated in a domestic interior; but, for many reasons, the matron who is disposed to condone sins of omission and commission in these regards will insist on proper attention in all departments when there is some one outside her own family to be considered.

Finally, my sisters, let me advise you, if the outsider comes into the shelter of your home, to make him quickly, so far as you can, a partaker of all that is best within it; give him the freedom of the family life, of heart and hearthstone. For, somehow, the very warmth and glow and genial life of the home should enfold all who dwell there, and should bless benignly the stranger within its gates.

With tact and kindly feeling on both sides, this will not do away with the confidence that belongs of right to the inmates. An outsider must not be always in evidence. He or she will not fail, especially, to leave husbands and wives to their own half-hours of talk apart after dinner, or in the later evening. The outsider has duties to the home, and relations quite as definite as those the home has to him or to her.



Was It the Right Size?

By Rachel Dunkirk

In a tiny one-roomed cottage, under a hill that protected a New England village from the northern gales, lived my heroine. The road had been raised a few rods not far from where the cottage stood, so that its roof and stone chimney caught the eye in passing rather than the house, whose gray boards matched the hillside in winter when there was no snow. In the little one-roomed house lived a most loving and kindly-hearted woman, some sixty years old, known to the whole region as "M'ria." No wedding was in keeping with the standards of the neighborhood if M'ria was not busy for days before the date; no funeral was well conducted if M'ria was not present; and certainly the family would not find the house comfortable if she did not stay, after the cortège left for the graveyard, to open windows and let in the sunlight, arrange the furniture and set the table. At jelly-making time she was indispensable, and for the pig-killing season her time was fully engaged. No person ever thought of hurting M'ria's feelings by offering her money. The most arduous service was neighborly service; and her help was accepted in the spirit she rendered it. Her cellar was well supplied with all the farm produce she could use. Butter, golden and fresh, was often a gift that she had the pleasure of sharing with those less favored; fresh meat was almost a daily expression of friendship; while poultry was a regular Sunday dinner, and to this meal she always invited some one whose dinner would not be so choice. About a quarter of a mile beyond M'ria's little home, and almost at the top of the hill, was a large farm-house with still larger barns. Hen-house, duck-pond, rows of hives, corn-crib, all spoke of the prosperous owner. M'ria never talked about this farm, where her services were frequently demanded, but in her innermost heart she always rejoiced when she caught sight of the stones on the top of her own chimney, on her return from her prosperous neighbor's.

One morning, when the first crisp touches of frost told of winter's nearness, the neighbor stopped on his way to the landing with a load of potatoes to tell M'ria that Sally, his wife, was going to try out the lard, and if M'ria would go up and help, Sally would give her a bowl of lard—these were the only neighbors who suggested pay to M'ria. M'ria hurried up her morning's work and went cheerfully up the long hill, saying to herself, "Law, why didn't Sally tell me sooner! might just as well got through earlier and been up there an hour ago!" At eight o'clock M'ria called out cheerfully to Sally as she went through the gate, "Here I am! sorry I was so late." Sally nodded as she pulled the bucket out of the well hand over hand. M'ria expected no more, and went into the house, where pans and pots testified to the hard day's work that was

before them. All day between stove and table the two women trotted. At last, at early candlelight, the rows of pans and crocks filled with the snow-white lard told the story of the success of the day's labor. M'ria was tying on the quilted hood and pinning her blanket shawl about her tightly, for the wind had risen, when her friend and fellow-worker came from the cellar with a pint bowl filled with lard. "Here, M'ria, take this home with you. You know it's good, 'cause ye helped make it," she said, with a half laugh and a slight mantling of color to her thin face. M'ria involuntarily looked at the rows of crocks and pans as she stretched out her hand for the tiny bowl. As if in response to the look, Sally said, "It's a bowlful, M'ria, it's a bowlful, nevertheless."

With her usual grateful smile M'ria took the tiny bowl, and, with the remark that the lard would be solid by morning, opened the door and started on her homeward walk down the hill. As the gray stones of the chimney came in sight, the grateful smile deepened in M'ria's eyes. As she looked back, just before she turned from the road to go through the bars, at the gleam of the one candle burning in the kitchen of the house on the hill, M'ria hurried through the bars, unlocked the door, stroked the cat who came around the house, and lighted two candles. The wind soon brought the fire to the point of cheery companionship, and the teakettle to singing a song. M'ria, before she made the tea, looked once more at the dim light on the hilltop, and at the tiny bowl. "Law! she thinks it is a bowlful!" And the tiny bowl was carried down cellar.



From the Day's Mail

Dear Outlook:

Will you kindly permit me to ask a question about the rule for making marshmallows of the lady who gave us the delightful chapter on candy-making? In attempting to get the materials as directed, I found gum arabic a dollar a pound. As I can buy delicious marshmallows for fifty cents a pound, I thought there must be some mistake. Isn't there something cheaper that is generally used that is just as good?

E. M. P.

In reply to inquiry in regard to the price of white gum arabic, it can be bought of the wholesale druggists at from forty to ninety cents a pound. Half a pound will make quite a quantity. It is always well for those unused to candy-making to try half a recipe at first. If the outlay is as much or more than for the ready-made confections, the pleasure of making one's own and the peculiar relish of home-made productions in this line will perhaps offset the extra cost.

KATHERINE ARMSTRONG.

Dear Outlook:

You ask the opinion of your readers upon the method of teaching faith to children, illustrated in the case of the little fellow who prayed for a pleasant day. Such teaching seems to me to have for its sure end, not faith, but unfaith. A child does not easily recognize an indirect reply to his question; still less can he understand an indirect answer to his prayer. If a stormy day had come, to the disappointment would have been added a doubt of the prayer having reached the ear of God, a feeling that perhaps He did not care for the petition of a little child, an uncertainty as to the depth of the friendship between his mother and the One above, if not also a partial loss of his faith in the mother herself.

Further, the opportunity was lost for giving the little one an inkling of the brotherhood of man and the Fatherhood of God. By prayer

The whole round earth is every way
Bound by gold chains about the feet of God.

When her boy added to his prayer the request for "a pleasant day to-morrow," the mother might have reminded him of the flowers and grasses, the hillsides and meadows, which were perhaps waiting thirstily for showers, the streams that might be running low so that the water-mills could do no work and all their busy wheels must be stilled; then would come the comparison of his childish field of vision with that of the all-seeing Father.

Or, since a story always reaches children, the mother might have told of the farmer who perhaps had only a field of corn to furnish food for his cattle, and, by the sale of the golden ears, food and clothing for his little children. It would be easy to picture the rustling green rows beginning to droop and turn yellow

under continuous sunshine, while the anxious farmer looked each morning for clouds that would bring the needed rain-drops. Would not the boyish heart have swelled with an appreciation of the needs and rights of others, who also pray to the Father? And if the rainy day had replaced the desired sunshiny one, would not the stinging have been taken from his disappointment by the good accomplished elsewhere by the falling drops?

M. L. S.



The School-Girls' Fund

It has seemed to us best that the world that gives should know a little of the world to whom it gives. The following is a condensed history of the friends to whom the money sent to this friendship fund has been given:

A presser in suit house where she worked, a very deserving girl, without relatives, is sick with consumption. She has been unable to work since last summer. She is boarding with friends, and has very little money. She was ill in bed at Christmas-time, when \$10 was given to her.

Another girl has a father, old and sick, and a sister to support. She is a dressmaker by the day, or in an establishment. She has been out of work some weeks. We loaned her \$10 for rent.

Another dressmaker, because of the dull season, had gotten behind in her board. She recently lost a brother she was trying to educate, and she had to use her money for doctor and funeral expenses. We loaned her till May \$25 to pay off her board, as the people with whom she boarded were in need of money, and to start her a little till she got work.

To a girl whose father, an old man, has lost his work, and who has a sick mother and a sister too small to work, \$10 was loaned for rent.

The President of another club writes:

Thank you very much for not wanting to know the names of the girls who received the money. Case No. 1 is one of my club members whose family consists of seven other children besides herself, her father and mother, and a baby expected to be born within a few days.

They were about to be dispossessed when the girl applied to me for the loan of last month's rent, which was \$12. That same week the father secured work at \$12 a week, and will be able within a short time—naturally, after all the debts have been paid—to take care of his family.

Case No. 2—a girl who injured herself through over-reaching at her work; was taken home from work with a hemorrhage, and disabled for many weeks; incurred many debts through doctors' bills and medicines, and requested a loan of \$10.

Previously acknowledged.....	\$210 25
Northampton, Mass.	5 00
J. P.	5 00
Total.....	\$220 25



A Coal-Yard at Sea

The necessity for every nation having coaling-stations in different parts of the world has been the cause of international dissension, and more than once of war, or a close approach to it. It was one of the arguments advanced in favor of annexing Hawaii to the United States that it would afford a coaling-station for our war-ships, and the same argument has been used in regard to the annexation of Cuba. It is known that England maintains her possession of the Bermudas partly because of the value of that little group of islands as coaling-stations for her war fleets, and England has built the largest dry-dock in the world on the Island of St. David, one of the Bermuda group. An American has invented a device by which coal can be put aboard a vessel at sea with perfect ease. It has been the dream of naval officers for years, this possibility of replenishing the coal supply without going into harbor, and at any time that the supply was necessary, in any part of the world. A few months ago the experiment was made off the Sandy Hook flag-ship in the harbor of New York. The flag ship San Francisco was coaled by the Kearsarge while the two vessels were two hundred feet apart, both vessels steaming at the rate of four knots an hour. It was decided that this speed could have been

increased to ten knots an hour without interfering at all with the loading of the coal. So successful was the experiment that the sailors on board applauded and cheered. The coal was put in bags and shot into the hold of the vessel in these bags, thus saving a great deal of dust and dirt being blown about. A steel hawser was run, by means of a cutter, to the Kearsarge for two hundred feet; a steel pendant was passed from the Kearsarge to the San Francisco; with the aid of spars and cross-heads, a trolley-line was thrown between the two vessels. Of course this trolley is an inclined plane. Bags containing two hundred pounds of sand were run from one vessel to the other. A patent detachable liberated the bag when it struck the deck of the San Francisco. The experiment was made long enough to prove that fifteen tons of coal or ore could be loaded from one ship to another in an hour. It was demonstrated also that two trolleys could be used with equal ease, thus making it possible to coal a boat at the rate of thirty tons an hour.

Of course the possibility of rough weather and the different adjustment of machinery must be considered, but it is admitted by all that this new method of coaling vessels is of National importance, especially to a Government like the United States, which does not possess a single coaling-station of its own in foreign waters. Great Britain has coaling-stations all over the world, over which it has absolute control; but British ships have to go to these stations when needing coal, so that even to so well prepared a nation as Great Britain this device to load a boat at sea is of very great importance. Loading steamers with coal from lighters has very great disadvantages, especially in rough weather, when the lighter is thrown back and forth against the sides of the vessel. Mr. Philip B. Low, under whose direction this experiment was made, says that it would be even possible to load a ship at the rate of a bag a minute at any point where one vessel can tow another.



Pink Ribbons

By Sydney Dayre

"Hitty!"

"What?"

"Come here."

"I can't just now; I'm busy."

"Come anyhow. I want you."

"Can't you wait till I've strained this milk?"

"No, I want to speak to you right now."

Maria's petulant voice had come from her couch on a side porch of the farm-house through a wide kitchen to the back porch on which Hitty stood to strain the evening's milk. Only two of the pans were as yet filled with the foamy whiteness as she impatiently set down the pail and went to her cousin.

"What do you want?"

"I want you to go over to the village to-morrow and buy something."

"Couldn't you 'a' told me that when I was done?"

"No, I couldn't. I wanted to tell you now."

"Well, I can't go, I know. There's too much to do. It's bakin'-day, and hops to pick, and the feather beds to put out to air. You can wait till some other day, I guess."

"I say I can't," whimpered Maria. "Mother, she can go, can't she?"

Mother, who was sitting by Maria, looked doubtful and perplexed.

"I s'pose we might manage it, Hitty," she said. "I could see to the bakin' alone, and Tom might pick the hops, and we might let the beds wait till Saturday—hey?"

This did not suit Hitty at all. She knew very well that Tom was too busy with other work on the farm to easily find time for picking the hops. They also would probably be left over for Saturday, and Saturday's work was always heavy enough without any other day's burdens being put upon it.

But the amount of Saturday's work was not the real

consideration to Hitty. There was to be a picnic over near the summer hotel, to which all the neighbors were invited. There would be beautiful singing by some of the city visitors, and for days Hitty had been trying to keep the work from shoving over on to that day, hoping to be able to go in the afternoon. And now a whole day to be wasted in going in to the village!

"Is it anything you want so very bad?" she asked of Maria.

"Yes. It's some ribbon just like that Miss Helen wears when she comes to see me. You've seen it—round her neck and her waist. It looks as pretty as a picture. I want some like it."

"Like to know what for," said Hitty, with a little disdainful look at her cousin.

But her heart smote her for the sneer as she regarded Maria's pale face and crooked figure. Maria had been lying down for two years, as the result of a terrible hurt. Every one in the family petted and indulged her, and Hitty usually took her full share in it. But just now her head, as we have seen, was filled with other things.

"Well, I know what for, and that's enough," said Maria, flushing a little at the taunt.

"I guess you had best go," said Maria's mother, with a sideways glance at Hitty.

And Hitty went back to her milk-pans, half angry, half despairing of her hoped-for Saturday frolic.

"She's always havin' her own way," she mused impatiently to herself. "I don't see why everybody should have to stand round for her, if she is sick. Ribbons for her! to tie round her old wrapper. All 'cause of that nippy little Miss from the hotel. But if Maria says it's to be so, I s'pose it's to be so. Well, I believe I'll get me a ribbon, too. I've had that quarter for six months. Buy myself a birthday present—ho!"

That was another feature of it. Saturday was Hitty's birthday. No one in the family had hitherto ever thought of such a thing as noticing a birthday; but Miss Helen, in one of her visits to Maria's couch, during which Hitty had made opportunity to sit within hearing as she shelled the peas for dinner, had talked of birthdays and birthday gifts, and Hitty had rejoiced when she heard that the picnic was to take place on hers. No one would know that her birthday was to be celebrated—that was a joke to be kept all to herself.

Hitty never thought of complaining, even to herself, that she was probably the hardest-worked member of her uncle's family. Every one worked, and she worked willingly. But just now she felt a little rebellious. At another time the prospect of the ride to the village in the summer morning would have helped her to listen more patiently to her cousin's very minute directions regarding the purchase which was to be made for her.

"Now, I want it to be exactly right. Pink—just the color of those roses out there—"

"I should think you'd choose blue, with your light hair," commented Hitty.

"No, I don't want blue, I want pink. And I want it good. Now don't you, Hitty, go to gettin' some poor, cotton-backed, sleazy stuff. I want it all silk, a good body. The piece for the waist must be two yards. That'll go round the waist and make a bow and one end to hang—that's the way they do it now. About an inch and a half wide. And for the neck it'll be narrower. A yard and a quarter. I guess you can get the narrow for about twenty cents a yard, and the wide for twenty five. Here's my seventy-five cents. I've been a good while savin' it up."

Hitty put it in her old purse beside her own precious quarter, and then listened to her aunt's directions for buying some utensils needed in the dairy work.

Hitty liked very well to shop when her time was not so valuable as to-day. The sweetness of the morning, the coolness of the woods through which her way led, the freshness of the trees and wild flowers, had, long before the end of her drive, taken from her the unwonted petulance, and she felt at peace with Maria and all the world.

"Poor Maria! I don't mean no hard feelin' towards her—she havin' to lay there day in and day out. If

she wants pink ribbon, pink ribbon let her have, for all I don't say it'll go good—she bein' so light-complected. Well [with a little sigh], I can't have no ribbon for my waist, but I'll have one for my neck."

Even innocent Hitty knew that pink would look well near her own dark-brown curls and rosy cheeks.

She left the delightful ribbon-shopping until the last. And then came a great dismay.

The ribbon stock in the country store was not large. Nothing could be found striking the happy medium in quality and price laid down by Maria.

There was a piece so rich and soft, so lovely in tint, that into Hitty's throat came a lump of longing admiration. O for such a ribbon to wear! And how it would delight Maria!

But it was beyond even Maria's reach—thirty-seven cents a yard. The only other piece was a cottony thing at which Maria would be sure to sniff with contempt.

Well, Maria must wait. If any of the money sent for the other purchases had been left, Hitty would not have hesitated to use it, knowing it would be thought all right at home. But it was spent.

Her own money? Nonsense! The narrow ribbon was exactly what was wanted. She could have her own neck-ribbon, and, by getting up by four in the morning and working hard, could stand a fair chance of going to the picnic. There was no need of Maria's making such a fuss about a ribbon—she, who could not go anywhere, and who never did anything but lie still and fret and order people around. Maria must do without for once.

But then over Hitty's heart came a rush of remorseful tenderness. Maria could not taste the delight of morning drives, of straying through the meadow for the cows, of striving with all her might to compass a picnic—yes, of getting a good day's work done and going at night to sweet, dreamless rest. Poor Maria!

Then a little surge of rebellion, and it was over. Her own quarter went to make out the lack, and the rich ribbon was, in its white-paper wrapping, carefully bestowed in the new milk-strainer to avoid crushing.

"And I won't tell her. That'll be a—kind of a birthday doin's for me."

And in the hot afternoon Hitty jogged homeward, in her heart an uplift of self-sacrifice which many might have envied in the poor little farm drudge.

"The hops is all picked, Hitty, and the feather beds can wait till Monday."

Hitty's eyes opened wide at this morning greeting from her aunt. The picnic loomed up brightly before her mind's eye.

"And," she went on, "you're to go this afternoon, and it's glad I am that the picnic comes on your birthday. Yes, you thought we'd forgot it, didn't you? Well, Maria says Miss Helen says it's nice for folks to remember folks' birthdays; and if there ever was a good little hard-working thing, that deserved to be remembered, it's you."

Hitty had another little spasm of remorse for her reflections against the young girl who had spent a little of her vacation-time in bringing a few sweet words and sweet thoughts to the poor girl on the farm.

"Hitty!" called Maria.

"What?"

"Come here."

"I'll come as soon as I can."

"Come now. I want you this very minute."

Hitty was in her room dressing for the picnic, finding not a cloud in the fact that her white dress was too short in the waist and too long in the skirt from the latest letting out of the last tuck.

"Hurry!"—another impatient note from Maria.

Hitty hurried.

Before Maria on her couch lay the soft, lustrous pink ribbon for neck and waist.

"Come here. Stand up close."

Around Hitty's waist it went, to be tied by Maria's thin fingers into the bow with one long end. Then came the

neck-ribbon, and when it was on Maria held her close for a moment.

"There, Hitty, don't I know when to get pink? It's your birthday present, and it looks awful good on you. But it don't look half so good as you be, Hitty."



Scouts and Friends

We think of dogs as being associated rather with peace than with war, and yet the French and the Russians have trained dogs to be of great use in war. It is singular what different points make a dog most valuable when being trained in this way. For instance, the trainers prefer dogs of dark color to those of light, because they are less visible to the enemy. In Germany the dogs are trained very peculiarly. Some of the soldiers put on French and Russian uniforms and represent the enemy, and treat the dogs very cruelly, shouting at them in the two foreign languages and beating them and ill-treating them to arouse the dogs' hostility. The German soldiers then come to the front, and pet and caress and feed them. The dogs are made suspicious of those wearing the enemy's colors. When their suspicions are aroused, they do not bark, but, either by whining or by their growl, call attention to a disturbing influence. The dogs also carry messages; these messages are put in a pouch which is fastened on a light iron collar; the dog is sent off with a whispered word; his message is read, and the help secured that was asked for. It is said that this is the most difficult part of the training—to train the dogs to go directly from one point to another, as a dog is sometimes tempted out of the beaten track—even a well-trained dog. Sporting dogs and kindred breeds are best suited to this work. It is said that after the dogs are wounded once they are useless.

Another way in which it is proposed to use dogs in case of war is after the battle, in carrying succor to the wounded. The dogs will be trained to scour the battle-fields with flasks about their necks, and, after finding a wounded man, to bark until help comes. It is thought that this will be the easiest part of the lesson the dog can learn. For this branch of the service it is said that wolf-hounds and sheep-dogs are best. The training is done by the placing of a number of men on the ground in out-of-the-way places, lying face downward on the earth; the dogs are then sent in search. The dog is taught to put his fore foot on the body and bark loudly; an ambulance-cart responds to this call. In addition to drink, it is thought that the dog can carry material for a temporary dressing of the wounds, which a man slightly wounded could use until the doctors arrived. In some of the Russian regiments the dogs have already been trained so that their value on the battle-field is no longer questionable.



Familiar Quotations

Supply the missing letters in the following familiar quotations, giving author and place from which they are taken:

1. "B-t n'-e- t-e r-s- w-t-o-t -h- t-o-n."
2. "D-r- t- b- -r-e: n-t-i-g c-n n-e- a l-e;
A f-u-t w-i-h n-e-s i- m-s- g-o-s t-o t-e-e-y."
3. "H-a-t-i- t-e -e-o-d -l-s-i-g -h-t-w- m-r-a-s -r- c-p-b-e
f: - b-e-s-n- t-a- m-n-y -a-n-t -u-."
4. "M-n- y-u- s-e-c- a -i-t-e
-e-t i- m-y -a- y-u- f-r-u-e-."
5. "T-e -r-e- m-n-l- o- t-e -t-n-i-g -o-l."
6. "T-k- a -t-a- -n- -h-o- i- u- i-t- t-e a-r: -o- m-y
s-e -y -h-t -h-c- w-y -h- w-n- i-."
7. "A-d - o-t -a-e -e-r- d-f-n-e-
l-t-l- s-i- i- s-o-e-t m-n-e-."
8. "O-l- t-e -c-i-n- o- t-e -u-t
S-e-l -w-e- a-d -l-s-o- i- t-e -u-t."
9. "T-u- a- t-e n-e-l- t- t-e -o-e
O- a- t-e d-i- -o- -h- s-n-."
10. "H-n-l- -n- s-a-e -r-m- o- -o-d-t-o- r-s-;
A-t -e-l- -o-r- -a-t, -h-r- a-l- t-e -o-o- l-e-."

For the Little Folks

Told while Knitting the Mittens

Mopsey, the Lamb

Grandmother was knitting Johnny some new mittens. They were of soft, fine yarn, dyed a beautiful cardinal color.



The wool from which they were made grew, several summers ago, on the back of a little white sheep named Mopsey. Grandmother at that time lived on a farm, and had several sheep. Mopsey was a pretty pet lamb, and her wool was so soft and fine and beautiful that Grandmother kept it separate from that of the other sheep, and had it carded and spun for mittens. After a time Grandmother sold her farm and came

to live in the city with her eldest son, who was Johnny's father. Grandmother had a large boxful of the yarn made from Mopsey's wool, all dyed in lovely colors, and she was knitting from it mittens for her grandchildren. It was now Johnny's turn to have mittens. Grandmother was to knit him two pairs.

Grandmother's youngest son, who was Johnny's Uncle Frank, had come to the city with his mother, to learn to be an artist. They had two pleasant rooms on the second floor of Johnny's father's house. There were folding doors between them, and while Uncle Frank was drawing and painting in one room, Grandmother was reading, sewing, or knitting in the other.

The day that Johnny's mittens were begun, he had been out-of-doors playing in the snow and water. His mother had taken him in, changed his wet clothing, made him take some hot medicine, and told him he must not go out again that day. The older children had gone to school. Johnny wandered about the rooms, feeling rather unhappy and a little ashamed of having made so much trouble. Finally he peeped in at Grandmother's door.

"You may come in, Johnny," said Grandmother. "I am going to knit you some mittens." So Johnny went in.

Grandmother lifted him into an easy chair, where he sat very quietly, with the soles of his little feet standing out straight toward the fire. Presently Grandmother's kitten, Taffy, leaped into his lap and curled down for Johnny to stroke her back.

"Won't you tell me a story, Grandmother?" asked Johnny.

"Don't talk now; I'm counting," said Grandmother.

She had measured Johnny's wrist, and was rapidly making the stitches on her shining knitting-needles. Soon she stopped counting, leaned back in her chair, and her needles began to click merrily, and the yarn moved swiftly over her fingers. Then she looked at Johnny and smiled.

"I might tell you," she said, "about my little lamb, Mopsey—the little lamb on whose back the wool grew that is making your mittens."

"Oh, do," cried Johnny, his eyes sparkling. "Was it when you lived on the farm?"

"Yes," said Grandmother. "Mopsey was a little wee lamb whose mother had died, and when they brought her in to me she was so weak she could hardly bleat. She lay in a little basket filled with wool. I fed her with warm milk from a teaspoon. I hardly thought she could live until the second day. Then she raised herself up in the basket and toppled out on the floor. She jumped up on her little unsteady legs and walked across the room. How funny she did look, to be sure!

"Well," continued Grandmother, "she grew fast enough after that, and in a few weeks she was a beautiful white lamb, frisking all over the place. I tied a bell on her neck, and she would follow me all over the farm."

"I wish I had a lamb," said Johnny.

"I had to keep her tied in the yard with a rope and a stake, most of the time, though," said Grandmother, "to prevent her from doing mischief to the flowers and vegetables. When she had nibbled the grass short about her, I must find a fresh patch and move the stake. Soon she would have the grass all cropped off there, and I must move her again. I used to carry her scraps from the table, too. She was very fond of them, and when she saw me coming she would sit up straight, hang down her front feet, and beg just like a dog."

"Oh, dear," said Johnny, "how I *do* wish I had a lamb!"

"But the best thing Mopsey ever did," said Grandmother, "was to lead home your little cousin George when he was lost. George came to stay on the farm with me one summer when his mother was sick. He was four years old."

"I'm five," said Johnny. "He was a smaller boy than I."

"Yes," said Grandmother. "And I never meant to let him go so far from the house. But one day he strayed away and wandered over into the berry-pasture. It wasn't so very far, but Georgie could not find the way home, and he was frightened. He was crying at the top of his voice, but no one heard him. I don't know what the poor child would have done, but he heard a tinkle-tinkle-tinkle, and Mopsey came bounding over the hill, her bell a-tinkling and her rope dragging, for she had broken loose from her stake. Well, Georgie took hold of her collar, and the lamb led him straight home."

"Oh, how I want a lamb!" said Johnny for the third time.

"Come here, Johnny," called his Uncle Frank from the next room. "I have a lamb for you."

Johnny jumped down from his easy chair and ran into the room. His uncle handed him a piece of cardboard on which had been quickly painted a picture of a very fat lamb, with a bell on its neck, a rope dragging, and a little boy in a broad-brimmed hat, not much taller than the lamb, holding it by the collar. There were some verses written below the picture. Johnny carried it to his grandmother.

Grandmother read as follows:

Grandma had a little sheep,
So frisky, kind, and tame;
Her eyes were bright, her wool was white,
And Mopsey was her name.

She wore a bell around her neck,
A ribbon and a bow;
From early light till late at night
That bell swung to and fro.

The brook still ripples round the farm,
The birds sing on the bough;
The grass is green, the flowers are seen,
But where is Mopsey now?

"Yes, where is Mopsey now, Grandmother?" asked Johnny.

"Oh," said Grandmother, "Mopsey grew to be a great fat sheep after a while, and then she had to go with the rest of the flock."

Johnny returned to his easy chair and examined the picture of the sheep with great satisfaction.

"Grandmother," he said, "I think that Georgie was a pretty naughty boy to run away from the house like that."

"Johnny," said Grandmother, "we ought always to remember our own faults first. Don't you think a little boy who has been out playing in the snow and water and got himself all wet—a boy five years old, who knows better than to do so—ought to tell his mother that he feels sorry for being so naughty; that is, if he really *is* sorry?"

Johnny made no reply for some time. He sat looking into the fire. At last he slipped down from the chair and started toward the door.

"Grandmother," he said, "I'm going to show mamma the picture of my sheep, and my verses. And I'm going to tell her I am sorry."

Sunday Afternoon

A Bible Reading on Immortality¹

By Lyman Abbott

"... Our Saviour Jesus Christ, who hath abolished death, and hath brought life and immortality to light through the gospel."—2 Timothy i., 10.

I have in my library at home a little pamphlet, prepared with a good deal of skill by an infidel, entitled "The Contradictions of the Bible." Verses are plucked from their connections and put side by side; verses which are in some instances flagrant verbal contradictions, and in some instances more than verbal contradictions. The Bible does contain not a few contradictions. And I know not how to reconcile them if we are to believe that the whole Bible was written as at one time, or as upon one moral plane, or as representing one aspect and apprehension of truth. If, on the other hand, the Bible represents the gradual growth of spiritual truth in the minds and hearts of God's children, then the contradictions in the Bible are, I believe, all of them, certainly the major part of them, very easily reconcilable; then we shall not be surprised to find earlier conceptions of God inconsistent with later conceptions of God, and earlier conceptions of death and immortality inconsistent with later conceptions of death and immortality. The inconsistency will be just that which we find in other cases of human growth, the child having one conception, and gradually growing out of it by successive stages into the higher and larger conception.

I wish this morning to trace the rise and progress of the doctrine of immortality in the Hebrew nation. The first reference which we have to immortality is in the third chapter of Genesis. Adam and Eve have plucked the apple, and are to be driven from the garden "lest they eat of the fruit of the tree of life, and so acquire immortality." The first conception is of immortality as something that belongs to the gods, and which they are unwilling to share with men. It is the old Greek conception; and, whenever this story was written, it is the writing of an ancient legend, and undoubtedly represents the earliest conception. We come down a little later to the time when sin has corrupted the whole earth, and then we have God saying, "My spirit shall not always strive with man;" that is, I will not always be in him and confer upon him this immortality which belongs to me and me only, but he shall live one hundred and twenty years.

We come on to the patriarchal period, the time of Abraham, the Father of the Faithful, and the first of the long line of prophets; his wife has died, and he buys a little piece of land in Machpelah, the only plot of land he ever owns in Palestine, in order that, as he says with infinite pathos, he may bury his wife out of his sight. There is not a gleam or hint of hope any future may have for him.

Moses comes as the great lawgiver. He issues laws accompanied by threatenings and promises. But he never suggests immortal life as a reward for obedience, and never a future penalty in another life for sin. And this is all the stranger because there was a *quasi* conception of immortality in Egypt, out of which Moses came. He goes up into the mount to die, and he remonstrates with God. But he goes up to the mountain to die, with, so far as the record goes, no gleam or hint or suggestion of a life beyond the grave to comfort him.

But by the time of Saul there had already grown up a conception of a kind of life beyond the grave; but a life of disembodied ghosts dwelling in a shadowy underworld. The endeavor of Saul to call up the spirit of Samuel makes it evident that there was at least a popular belief in such an existence. To this probably David refers when, after the death of his child, he says, "I shall go to him; but he shall not return unto me." But there is no hope in this ghostly immortality. When Jonathan and Saul die, David writes a wonderfully beautiful lament over them, but it is essentially a pagan lament—

¹ Preached at Plymouth Church, Brooklyn, Sunday morning, February 4, 1894. Reported by Henry Winans, and revised by the author.

that is, there is not a gleam of hope in it from beginning to end. For paganism takes all its comfort from the past, while Christianity looks toward the future for its consolation. There is no looking to the future in the lament of David over Saul and Jonathan. The announcement comes to Hezekiah that he must die, followed by a release from the death sentence. He has left his prayer, written and made a part of Hebrew history. In it there is no suggestion of a future life—certainly not of a life of light and glory: "I said in the cutting off of my days, I shall go to the gates of the grave: I am deprived of the residue of my years. I said, I shall not see the Lord, even the Lord, in the land of the living: I shall behold man no more with the inhabitants of the world. . . . For the grave cannot praise thee, death cannot celebrate thee: they that go down into the pit cannot hope for thy truth. The living, the living, he shall praise thee, as I do this day: the father to the children shall make known thy truth."

Yet in this rapid survey we can trace a little development. In the beginning immortality is something to be kept away from man. He must die. Then death is thought of as a state of sleep, unconscious existence. Then it becomes going down into Sheol, a shadowy underworld, and dwelling there. This, the mere hint of which you get in the Psalms and in this prayer of Hezekiah, you get very clearly in one remarkable passage of the Old Testament—the ode of Isaiah to the King of Babylon. The King of Babylon has died, and in this ode he is represented as going down into Sheol:

The whole earth is at rest, and is quiet: they break forth into singing. Yea, the fir trees rejoice at thee, and the cedars of Lebanon, saying, Since thou art laid down, no feller is come up against us. Hell from beneath is moved for thee to meet thee at thy coming: it stirreth up the dead for thee, even all the chief ones of the earth; it hath raised up from their thrones all the kings of the nations. All they shall speak and say unto thee, Art thou also become weak as we? art thou become like unto us? Thy pomp is brought down to the grave, and the noise of thy viols: the worm is spread under thee, and the worms cover thee. How art thou fallen from heaven, O Lucifer, son of the morning! how art thou cut down to the ground, which didst weaken the nations! For thou hast said in thine heart, I will ascend into heaven, I will exalt my throne above the stars of God: I will sit also upon the mount of the congregation, in the sides of the north: I will ascend above the heights of the clouds: I will be like the Most High. Yet thou shalt be brought down to hell, to the sides of the pit. They that see thee shall narrowly look upon thee, and consider thee, saying, Is this the man that made the earth to tremble, that did shake kingdoms; that made the world as a wilderness, and destroyed the cities thereof; that opened not the house of his prisoners? All the kings of the nations, even all of them, lie in glory, every one in his own house. But thou art cast out of thy grave like an abominable branch, and as the raiment of those that are slain, thrust through with a sword, that go down to the stones of the pit; as a carcass trodden under feet.

We come to what is known as the age of the Wisdom literature. You take up the Book of Ecclesiastes, which represents this Wisdom age, and here you find what has been well called the two voices—the one voice mortality, the other voice immortality; the one voice cynicism, the other voice hope. In the beginning of this Book of Ecclesiastes, as an evidence that all is vanity, all is represented as ending at death, and the wise man is no better than the fool, for "How dieth the wise man? As the fool." They are all one in their death. But the book reaches a different conclusion at the end of the dialogue: God will bring every secret thing into judgment; and when the dust returns to dust, the spirit will return to God who gave it. This is, I think, the first clear intimation of anything approximating personal immortality in the Old Testament. With this there comes, in the Book of Job, which also probably belongs to this epoch, a hint of immortality. Job has believed that in this life God executes his judgments and punishes the wicked and rewards the righteous, and he has tried to live a righteous life, and yet has been burdened with incalculable sorrows, and will not acquiesce in the conclusion of his persecutors that he must have been unrighteous. In the midst of his debate with them there suddenly, breaks in upon him, like a rift of sun-

light through a November cloud, the suggestion, struck out of his despair as a spark is struck out of the conflict between steel and flint, of a future life: "I know that my Vindicator liveth, and that he shall stand at the latter day upon the earth; and though worms destroy this body, yet apart from my flesh shall I see God." And then the clouds close back again, and he sinks back into the old despair once more. In Ezekiel, the prophet of the Restoration, we get a hint of future life in the parable of the resurrection of the dry bones; and in Daniel, probably the last of the books of the Old Testament, a clear declaration of a resurrection, in which "many of those that sleep in the dust of the earth shall awake, some to everlasting life, and some to shame and everlasting contempt."

Thus gradually from the belief of Abraham, who buries his wife out of his sight, the prophetic faith in a future life grew little by little, until, when Christ came, there were two parties in Palestine, one the Sadducees, who did not believe there was any future life, and the other the Pharisees, who held very much the same view that the Greeks held, very much the view that is pathetically represented in the ode a part of which I have read, and in the prayer of Hezekiah—that there is an underworld, and that in this underworld the souls of the departed dwell in two compartments, the righteous in one, the wicked in the other, but both waiting to be clothed upon by the transformed body in a new resurrection.

Now, Christ teaches as all wise teachers teach, beginning his teaching where he finds his pupils. It is a law of mechanics that if you want to take an object from one point to another point, you must take it through all the intermediate points. This is equally a law of morals. You cannot flash the whole truth upon the ignorant at once; you must begin in their state of ignorance and lead them step by step toward the truth. Christ identifies himself with the Pharisee rather than the Sadducee, and on that bases his teaching. It is not philosophical, not comprehensive, not addressed to curiosity; it employs the truth for the moral influence which it may have on mankind. He represents the dead as asleep and not far off; they can hear his voice; they can return when he calls; he declares that his own disciples shall be masters over death: the gates of hell—that is, death—he says, shall not prevail against them; he treats resurrection as a present fact—the hour is coming, and *now is*, when they that are in their graves shall rise and come forth; he comes to Mary and Martha, asks them if they do not believe in the resurrection, and when Martha says, I believe in the resurrection at the end of the world, Christ says, I am the resurrection and the life, and he that liveth and believeth in me shall never die: believest thou this? And she does not know what to say. All that she can say is, I believe thou art the Christ. Of course she could not understand him; most Christians cannot understand him even now. As his disciples gather about him in the last hour, his word of comfort to them is this: This world is not the only dwelling-place; in my father's universe there are a great many dwelling-places, and I am going to one of them to prepare a place for you, and when you come you will come to dwell with me, and to see the glory which I have with the Father. When he hangs upon the cross, his message to the penitent brigand is the same: This day thou shalt be with me in Paradise. Finally he rises from the dead and reappears to his disciples to bring them the assurance that death is not death, and not truly even a sleep, nor a great separation; that to die is not to perish, that to die is not to become unconscious, that to die is to live, and that the dead are the living. Paul takes up Christ's message. For him to die is to depart and be with Christ. He is confronted with the question, If the dead are going to rise, where are they going to get their body, what is going to become of that? and in the fifteenth of First Corinthians he answers distinctly that they are not to possess the body which they had in this life. The fifteenth of First Corinthians, which has been wonderfully misread and misinterpreted, as though it sustained a doctrine of bodily resurrection, does just the reverse. Divest yourself of all conventional preconceptions, and read it afresh, as

Paul's answer to the objector's question, How are the dead raised up, and with what body do they come?

Thou fool, that which thou sowest is not quickened, except it die: and that which thou sowest, thou sowest *not that body that shall be*, but bare grain; it may chance of wheat, or of some other grain: but God *giveth it a body* as it hath pleased him, and to every seed his own body. . . . There are also celestial bodies, and bodies terrestrial: but the glory of the celestial is one, and the glory of the terrestrial is another. There is one glory of the sun, and another glory of the moon, and another glory of the stars: for one star differeth from another star in glory. So also is the resurrection of the dead. It is sown in corruption; it is raised in incorruption: it is sown in dishonor; it is raised in glory: it is sown in weakness; it is raised in power: it is sown a natural body; it is raised a spiritual body. There is a natural body, and there is a spiritual body. . . . And as we have borne the image of the earthy, we shall also bear the image of the heavenly. Now this I say, brethren, that flesh and blood cannot inherit the kingdom of God.

What could be more explicit? The body dies. God giveth to each his own body. It is not a material body. Flesh and blood are not to be raised. Even if they were raised, the resurrection would be useless, for flesh and blood cannot inherit the kingdom of God.

Finally, we come to John—John, who is in the spirit on the Lord's Day, and sees those whom men call dead, and they are living, clothed in their spiritual bodies. For them death is passed, and the resurrection is passed, and the gates of Hades have been opened, and they have come into the kingdom of God, and are singing their new song, and rendering their blessed service, and living their glorious life. A long development of humanity from the old conception that immortality was something that God discouraged has been completed, and at last the final chapter is written in the vision of the glory of the liberty of those who have come through the gates of death and of resurrection, and share with their Lord in the glory of an immortal and eternal life. And yet, to-day, with all that long history, still there are those that go back to the old age and live in it; still there are men who imagine that death is extinction, and others who think it is a long and dreary sleep, and others who think it is a great separation, and others who think at best that the dead are living in some shadowy underworld waiting some future new birth into life.

What is death? Just what Socrates said so long ago—the separation of the soul from the body; that, and nothing more. And if it be that and nothing more, why should I be afraid of it? Why should I be unwilling to have my soul separated from my body? I never found my body such a help to me that I should be sorry to get rid of it when the time comes. If, indeed, a man has been living a sensual life, if his life has been in the things which the eye and the ear give, and the hands can handle, if this is his life and all his life, then he may well regard death as like a robber that lurks in ambuscade ready to leap upon him and rob him of all his possessions. But if he has been living for the immortal and the eternal, if he has been living for faith and hope and love, for righteousness and purity and temperance, why should he dread the time when the soul is to be separated from the body? Separation of the soul from the body, what does it mean? Why, it means, first of all, separation from death. It is a physiological fact that you and I have been dying ever since we have been born. The body is always going into decay, and we are always trying to patch it up and keep it going. The whole process of life is a repair of a decaying and dying body, until at last we can repair it no longer, and it drops to pieces. Death! death is emancipation from death: life is dying; dying is living. Man is like one floating upon a river against whose resistless tide he rows in vain. His body is the stream on which his soul is embarked, and the stream is hurrying him down, down toward the great sea. Why should he be afraid that by and by the process of flux will cease, and he will reach the Holy City and stand on the firm land of God? Separation of the soul from the body: what does it mean? It means separation from all the limitations of the body. How our language misreports us; how our ears mishear; how husband and wife who have been living together almost half a century still find that

they do know not each other, because they have to communicate through this impalpable wall of language, which always gives an imperfect and often a false impression of the soul! Separation of the soul from the body is the separation from this entanglement, and the artist will see clearly what now he seems dimly and expresses poorly; and the musician will hear clearly what now he hears only imperfectly and utters poorly; for the body is not the secret and source of our life, it is the limitation on our life. What is the separation of the soul from the body? Separation from one of the great classes of sins that perplex and torment us. When any of us get hold of some poor man who is the slave of his own appetite, and put a little faith and a little hope into him, and start him on the upward turning, and presently the man falls back into drink, men say, Your rescue-work is all thrown away; there is no use in doing this thing. No! it is not all thrown away; the sin of appetite is the sin of the body; if a man has nothing better than body, then this rescue-work is thrown away: but if into that poor, struggling man you can put the germ of immortal life, the seed that has been dropped into the soul may yet bring forth fruit, when the body which chokes the seed has dropped into decay.

And why, why should you mourn departing friends as those that have no hope? This one was at your side yesterday, and now he is dead, and you are going to bury him out of sight. Why do you think he is dead? Why not, after eighteen centuries of Christian teaching, be as wise as Socrates? Crito says to him, How shall we bury you, Socrates? and Socrates smiles and says, You must get hold of me first; I do not think you will have me to bury; and what is the use of all my long talking to you if you think my body is Socrates? Or why do you think that he who was at your side yesterday has fallen into an unconscious sleep and awaits some physical awakening in the future? Why should you think that your friend is departed, as you euphoniously term it? Why should you think that he who sat at your side yesterday is not at your side now? Do you trust his love so little that you do not think he would be glad to come back and sit by you? Do you trust the good God's love so little that you think God would deny him the desire of his heart and the longing of his love? Two prisoners are in the same prison in adjoining cells, and learn to talk through the partition by a sound-language which they invent, composed of telegraphic knocks upon the wall. So they keep up their companionship, never really seeing one another, never really fully understanding one another, but trying to communicate with one another as best they may through the poor medium of knocking on the wall. By and by, one day, the knocking stops from one of them, and the next day, and the next, and the next; for one friend has been set free from his prison. And he goes around under the wall of the other's cell, and sits there and plays his lute—though he cannot speak, so that the other can hear, lest he shall be detected—and the lute sounds in and thrills its music into the soul of the friend, and little by little it comes to him that his prison companion is set free and is speaking to him through music. Have you never heard the song that singeth soft and singeth low? Have you never known what it is, when the shadows of the evening gather round your lonely door, to see the faces that have passed on? Why do you disbelieve these messages? Why do you think there is no truth in this music of the lute? no truth in this vision of the face? Why is it incredible to you? Oh, go not back to Abraham to bury the dead out of your sight; go not back to David with the vague hope that you shall return to them that have gone far from you; go not back to Hezekiah, with his belief that the grave has no voice and no speech, and cannot praise God; go not back to Isaiah with his conception of a shadowy underworld occupied by ghosts: Jesus Christ has come into the world, and Christ has brought life and immortality to light. There is no death save that death which you and I are dying here and now; for life is death, and death is life; and what we call death is emancipation from all the burdens and bonds and limitations of men; and every death-bed is a resurrection hour; and every summons to death is the summons to the

larger life; and those that have gone are not far distant. Still the mountains of the Lord are full of his horses and chariots, though we have no eyes to see them; still on the Mount of Transfiguration Moses and Elijah come down to talk to us though we will not listen to their voices; still we are come to Mount Zion and unto the spirits of the just made perfect. God help us, not to go back to the old patriarchal age, but to live in the glory of the time in which we are living, the time of Him who has brought life and immortality to light!¹



The Preservation of Isaac²

By Lyman Abbott

Abraham had left all to follow the inward voice; it had led him to a strange land; and he was still a stranger in it. He owned not a foot of its soil. All his hope, all God's promises, centered on this the son of his old age. An affection bordering on the idolatrous might easily grow up under such circumstances for such a son. Abraham felt this shadow of a doubt of his own heart's allegiance falling upon himself. Two voices strove for the mastery in him, as they do in us; one, the divine voice, cried to him, "All is God's, and all must be given to God;" the other replied: "Your son is yours, promised you of God, given you by God, the center of your life, the foundation of your hopes; surely God cannot demand this gift from you." The divine voice conquered; and Abraham resolved to give his son to God, as he had already given his possessions, his life, himself.

But, educated in the paganism of the Chaldaic worship, he knew but one way to give anything to God—namely, to offer up his life; to sacrifice it as a burnt offering. So he had sacrificed all his property by offering of the best of his fields and of his flocks; and so at last, and after many a painful struggle, he resolved to offer up his only son. "He believed," says the author of the Epistles to the Hebrews, "that God would be able to raise him up again from the dead." How else the son could be offered up and still the divine promise made good he could not see. Abraham's faith was not an infallible guide, any more than ours is. He was right in believing that he must give his child to God, and that God could and would, nevertheless, fulfill the promise made to and in that son. But he was mistaken in supposing that there was no other way in which all this could be done but by the death of the son and his resurrection from the dead. Sarah had not the faith of her husband. By her the inward voice demanding the consecration of their only son had never been heard; Abraham made no attempt to make her understand the divine impulse under which he was acting. Without explaining to her, he took his son and the wood for the sacrifice, and he went forth to fulfill his awful purpose. God watches over us; he allows not the true child of faith wholly to blunder in the reading of his will; and Abraham felt, we may at least well imagine, his purpose growing stronger within him as he felt himself guided to the spot where his Father in heaven had in truth prepared the kid for a burnt offering.

Whether in the Mount, with the son bound on the altar and the hand raised to slay, the truth of sacrifice burnt upon Abraham—as light shines in the northern sky, no one knows whence or how—or whether an audible voice broke the awful silence which God generally maintains in his dealings with his children, it is useless to inquire and impossible to know. The truth was revealed; how, is matter of small consequence; and Abraham learned for himself, and taught the whole Jewish nation, and through them is

yet to teach the whole human race, that to lay down one's life is not the same as to die; that to sacrifice is not the same as to slay; that to live for God is our true offering, and to die for him is required only when he appoints the time and summons us to death.

This, indeed, seems to me to be the first and most patent lesson of this incident: that God requires laying down of life, not destroying it. The story is often called the sacrifice of Isaac. It should rather be called the preservation of Isaac. Interpret the story as you will, the two unquestioned facts in the narrative are these: that Abraham would have offered his son as a burnt offering, and that God interposed and prevented the consummation of that purpose. We are apt to forget that human sacrifice has been an element in the more sublime and earnest religious faiths of the world; that the sense of allegiance to the great God, whether born of fear or of love, has led men to offer human lives to him as the most sacred offering.

Even should one think that this lesson has been so thoroughly learned that we do not need to go back to Abraham to learn it anew, he may nevertheless thankfully recognize the value of an experience from which the world has learned so valuable, so necessary, a truth. But the truth that sacrifice and consecration are not synonymous, that God calls on us to live for him, not to destroy ourselves for him, is a lesson by no means yet fully learned. The old asceticism which led monks to crucify natural affection, to abandon home and all home life, to set themselves aside from the ordinary industries of life, and which still leads the entire priesthood in the largest and most influential sect in Christendom to offer up all home affections, all possibility of uxorial or paternal affection, as a burnt offering to God, is not wholly wanting in Protestant Christendom. We still need to learn that there is not a faculty or power of the human soul, nor one single natural activity to which they excite, which is to be destroyed for God; that all are to be used for Him who made them.

But if God does not require sacrifice, he requires consecration; or perhaps it would be more accurate to say that he requires sacrifice by consecration. Many critics have condemned the superstition of Abraham in preparing to offer his son as a burnt offering; many have carped at the superstition of the old monks in endeavoring to give their lives to God by casting the better part of life out of themselves altogether. But, weighed in the eternal balances, it may be found that the mistaken gift to God is better than none at all; that the spirit of asceticism which erroneously endeavors to please God by plucking out a right eye or cutting off a right hand, needlessly, is better than the spirit of self-indulgence which does not seek to please him at all; that the faith which wins a victory over paternal love, and essays to offer an only son as a burnt offering, is better than the more common spirit of egotism and selfishness which claims the son as *my* son, to be *my* enjoyment in his boyhood, to be trained according to *my* way of thinking, to be set to doing the work *I* choose for him, never once asking for what God created him, for what God has fitted him, and unto what God is thus calling him. Many a father has a son all of whose instincts call him to an artist's life as loudly as a duck's web feet call it to the water, who, nevertheless, will have his son to be a lawyer, or a merchant, or a minister. Mr. Dombey is common, and Abraham is rare. The one never listens for the voice of God, never thinks of asking what God meant his child to be, never practically recognizes the truth that he is God's child at all. The other listens, inquires, misinterprets perhaps, but is set right at last; for God is sight to the blind and hearing to the deaf. To destroy nothing for God, to give everything to God; nothing in burnt offering, everything in living offerings—these are the two chief practical lessons of the story of Abraham's faith.

QUESTIONS

Compare verse 1 with James i., 13. Can you reconcile them? Where was the land of Moriah? Can you draw any spiritual lesson from verses 7 and 8? Does verse 9 throw any light on the character of Isaac? Read this incident in the light of Romans xii., 1, and draw some practical lessons.

¹ The following Scripture passages may be examined to advantage by one desiring to study this subject more fully: Gen. iii., 23—vi., 3—xxiii., 4; Deut. iii., 24—27; 1 Sam. xii., 23; 2 Sam. i., 19—27; 1 Kings ii., 10; Isaiah xxxviii., 10—19; Ps. vi., 5; Isaiah xiv., 4—23; Eccles. i., 16—xii., 7—14; Job xix., 21—27; Ezek. xxxvii., 1—14; Dan. xii., 1—13; Matt. ix., 24; Mark v., 35—43; Luke vii., 11—15; John, ch. xi—v., 25—xiv., 1, 28—xvii., 24; Matt. xvii., 1—9; Luke xxiii., 43—xxiv., 5, 26; 1 Cor., ch. xv.; Rev., ch. v.

² International Sunday-School Lesson for February 25, 1894.—Gen. xxii., 1—13. The view here taken is presented more fully, with the reasons for it, in Lange's Commentary. That God should by one divine voice, speaking in every father's heart, command Abraham to protect his son, and by another divine voice require the father to slay his son, has become to me quite incredible. But there is no room here to argue the grounds for the interpretation which I have adopted.

The Religious World

The Summer School of Theology at Oxford

We have just received from Mansfield College, at Oxford, the announcement of the provisional programme of the second Summer School of Theology, to be held July 16-28. The great success of the first school necessitated a second. We doubt if a more remarkable convocation of the kind ever assembled than that of 1892. If the provisional programme is carried out, the second school promises to equal the first in interest. It will be open to ministers of all denominations and all lands. The expense is hardly more than nominal, being only £2 10s. for admission to all the lectures and meetings, and dinner each day in some College Hall. The special features of the programme are as follows: There are seven different departments—namely, Philosophical and Systematic Theology, Old Testament Theology, New Testament Theology, Apologetic Theology, Pastoral Theology, Church History, and Special Lectures. In the first department Andrew Seth, M.A., Professor of Logic and Metaphysics in the University of Edinburgh, will give three lectures on "Modern Philosophy and Theism;" Principal Fairbairn, three lectures on "The Philosophy of Religion;" Principal D. W. Simon, three lectures on "The Cosmological Implications of the Christian Redemption;" and Professor H. E. Ryle, of the University of Cambridge, three lectures on "Inspiration." In the second department Professor George Adam Smith, of Glasgow, will give three lectures on "The Beginnings of Hebrew Prophecy;" the Rev. Dr. James Robertson, three lectures on the prophet Joel; and the Rev. Canon Cheyne, of Oxford, three lectures on the Book of Psalms. The lecturers in New Testament Theology will be Professor Sanday, of Oxford University, and Professor Massey, of Mansfield College. Professor A. B. Bruce, of Glasgow, will give four lectures on "The Historical Foundations of Christianity," and Professor James Orr, of Edinburgh, three lectures on "Neglected Factors in the Study of the Early Progress of Christianity." The lecturer on Pastoral Theology will be the Rev. John Watson, M.A., of Sefton Park Presbyterian Church, Liverpool. The special lecturers will be J. J. McKendrick, M.D., Professor of Physiology in the University of Glasgow, and A. McAlister, M.D., Professor of Anatomy in the University of Cambridge, the former lecturing on "The Limitation of the Senses," and the latter on "The Physical Reactions of Mental Emotions." It will be seen at a glance that this is a very notable series of lectures, and without doubt the attendance will be as large this year as two years ago. The preachers for the Sundays will be the Rev. George A. Gordon, D.D., of the Old South Church, Boston, and the Rev. John Watson, M.A., Liverpool. A private letter informs us that a large number of applications for tickets have already been made. For the benefit of Americans who may desire to attend, we will say that all communications should be addressed to Norman H. Smith, M.A., Mansfield College, Oxford.

The John Robinson Memorial Church

Personal letters just received from the Rev. Dr. Mackennal, of Bowdon, England, and the Rev. H. S. Griffis, of Gainsborough, convey some interesting information concerning the proposed John Robinson Memorial Church in Gainsborough. It is proposed by English and American Congregationalists to co-operate with the members of the church in that place in erecting this monument to the great Pilgrim Father. The last National Council of Congregationalists commended this work most cordially, and raised a generous sum in its interests. The Rev. Charles Ray Palmer, D.D., of Bridgeport, was appointed the treasurer. Gainsborough is a manufacturing city, and few of the people who live there are able to do much toward the erection of the church, but they are doing the best they can, and at last have succeeded in securing a desirable site. The plans, we believe, have been already adopted. Concerning them Mr. Griffis, the pastor, writes: "The design embodies certain quaint and interesting features of an old Presbyterian church at Knutsford, Cheshire. Externally it carries us back

to Robinson's days, and internally it gives us all modern conveniences and comforts." The accommodation will be: church, 600; school-room, 300; and in addition there will be church parlors, class-rooms, vestries, etc. One point especially mentioned by Dr. Mackennal is that the people themselves are being urged to put forth every effort, and not to believe that the work will be entirely completed by English and American friends. It has been our privilege to visit Gainsborough, and personally to inspect this work. The new church is greatly needed, and the descendants of the Pilgrims on both sides of the sea ought to give a generous contribution toward helping to rear a suitable memorial to the Pilgrim pastor in the very town in which at one time he ministered.

Mission Services in Country Districts

One of the most sensible movements of which we have read for many a day is that of the Council of the Church Aid Society in England for promoting missions in country churches. A special committee was appointed to arrange a large number of such missions throughout the country. A writer in the "British Weekly" says: "The secret of much of the depression and impoverishment in these churches lies in a sense of isolation, an inertness of spiritual life, and a dull routine of worship too often associated with work in the rural districts. A mission comes as a breeze from the sea and changes all this. The visit by the pastor of a town congregation breaks down the oppressive feeling of severance from all other churches, puts new significance into the old familiar truths, and enforces with new authority the teaching of the regular minister." Those are true words, and as applicable to things in the United States as to any other part of the world. We have often thought that if some of our more prominent city pastors could now and then make tours among the country churches, holding meetings in districts where the monotony of the life is so depressing, new ideals would be instantly introduced, new activities stimulated, and better results realized. Why should not this example of our English brethren be followed on this side of the sea, and systematic plans be devised in various States for these missions to the country districts? In the nature of things, the strongest men, as a rule, drift to the great cities; but the spiritual need in the country is quite as great as in the towns, and often those best qualified to appreciate the work of our strongest ministers are found in the country among people who have few opportunities of hearing that which is most satisfying to their minds and stimulating to their spiritual lives.

The Question of Union

We have two or three times made the statement that the only one of the Protestant Churches which has made distinct propositions concerning the organic union of Christendom is the American Episcopalian and Anglican, counting them as one communion. This statement is controverted, in a very courteous way, by the Rev. B. B. Tyler, D.D., of the Church of the Disciples of Christ. We are obliged to Dr. Tyler for the following facts, which we cheerfully give. He says that "The Disciples of Christ" have a standing committee on Christian union, composed of B. B. Tyler, of New York, Chairman; F. D. Power, of Washington; C. L. Loos, President of Kentucky University; T. P. Haley, of Kansas City; and Robert Moffit, of Cleveland. This committee is authorized to confer with the various Christian bodies, and in all possible ways to promote the cause of union among evangelical believers. In 1891 the General Convention of the Disciples of Christ met in Allegheny City, Pa., and the committee made a report at that time, saying that the various plans of union may be classified under the words "Submission," "Confederation," "Consolidation," and "Restoration." The article in "The Disciples' Mentor" does not say whether this report was officially adopted and given to the world as the contribution of that body of Christians to this subject, but we presume it was. However that may be, the report distinctly favors the plan of "Restoration" or "Union," and on the following basis: (1) "The original creed of Christ's Church;" (2) "the ordinances of Christ's appointment;" (3) "the life which has the sinless Son of man as its perfect exemplification." The original creed is declared to be: "Jesus is the Christ, the Son of God." The contribution of the Disciples of Christ to this sub-

ject, then, may be stated as follows: Union on the basis of "the Primitive Creed," "the Primitive Ordinances," and "the Primitive Life." We are very glad to give what publicity we may to what all must regard as a valuable contribution to a most important subject. The difference between these propositions and the Chicago-Lambeth articles seems to us to be that the latter contemplate the organization of Christendom in a single body, while the former suggests a unity in the spirit. We confess our sympathy with the propositions of the Disciples; but if unity in an outward and visible organization is desirable, we do not see what provision is made for it. Perhaps it is presumed that outward organization will grow, and be ready as soon as it is needed.

The New Bishop in Vermont

Peculiar interest attaches to the consecration of the Rev. Arthur C. A. Hall, D.D., as Bishop of Vermont, which, as already briefly noted, took place in St. Paul's Church, Burlington, on February 2. The long service of the Bishop-elect in Boston, the fact that he was a member of the Cowley Fathers, that he had been summoned home to England because of his friendship for Bishop Brooks, and the unusual step of an American diocese calling an Englishman for Bishop, all contributed to give especial prominence to the occasion. Great crowds attended the service. The sermon was delivered by Bishop Coleman, of Delaware, who took for his text 1 Tim., vi., 20: "Keep that which is committed to thy trust." The presenters were Bishops Grafton, of Fond du Lac, and Coleman, of Delaware. A notable feature of the service was the fact that special seats were reserved both for Roman Catholic clergy and Protestant ministers. Bishop Hall, while well known as an extreme High Churchman, has also proved himself to be a man of breadth of vision, and, although an Englishman by birth and training, his unusual conformity to our institutions has removed the natural objections which existed to his election. A writer in the Boston "Herald," evidently well acquainted with both the man and his field, concludes an interesting article on Bishop Hall as follows:

A great future opens to the Episcopal Church in Vermont through Dr. Hall. If he shall prove to be as indefatigable as a chief pastor as he has been in the exercise of his clerical office, it is possible that he may do a great work in evangelization in Vermont. There are many small communities in that State where Christian institutions are almost unknown, and where once there were flourishing religious societies. It is these districts which specially invite attention, and it is the hope of those who are interested in the new Bishop that he will soon deal wisely and constructively with the social and religious problems that are peculiar to the religious development of Vermont.

We doubt if there is anywhere in the country a busier place than the mission department of St. Bartholomew's Parish in New York. The Parish House is located, we believe, in East Forty second Street, and it is said that about one hundred thousand people have attended the meetings held there during the past year, at least one-half of whom belong to the non-church-going class. Four thousand persons have asked for prayers, and a large number have proved their earnestness by the new lives which they have lived. A new and peculiar feature of the work is called "The New York Bible Club." Its headquarters are on a floor in an apartment-house. In its rooms are twelve cots, and there are also a kitchen, dining and bath room. On the first of each month, twelve men, converts, are permitted to enter this Club, fitted out respectably, told that they will want for nothing during the month, and that they may give their whole time to thinking, praying, and studying the Bible. We are informed that few members of this Club fall away. The Rescue Mission is a great place. On Friday nights free suppers are given to hundreds of men, many of whom are among the worst characters of the city. They are continued throughout the year, at an expense of thirteen dollars a week. In connection with this Mission there are special services for Turks and Armenians, and a Chinese Guild with 386 paying members. The work has grown so that an annex has been opened. Chairs are here provided where fifty men are allowed to sit during the night, and thus saved from walking the streets. The upper floors of the annex are provided with beds, rented at one dollar a week to converts who have remained true but are out of regular work. The list of the various forms of activity in connection with this

Mission is so long that we will not attempt to give it here. The head of all this work is the Rev. D. H. Greer, D.D., rector of St. Bartholomew's, which is, perhaps, the wealthiest parish in New York. Very few, we imagine, would grudge any persons their wealth if it were used as well as that which is contributed through the channels of this church. The Superintendent of the Rescue Mission is that well-known Christian worker, Colonel H. H. Hadley. Those who imagine that the Church in our time is doing comparatively little to solve the great social questions which are pressing upon us might well study this work. Dr. Greer wisely recognizes that provision must be made not only for the souls but also for the bodies of men, and that the gospel of free grace must go hand in hand with that of a better physical environment.

George Dana Boardman

After a pastorate of thirty years in the First Baptist Church in Philadelphia, the Rev. George Dana Boardman, D.D., has resigned his pulpit. He is by no means an old man, and much of the best work of his life ought to be still before him. The work which he has done and the influence which he has exerted make his resignation worthy of more than a passing mention. One of the foremost if not the very foremost preacher in the Baptist Church in America, he has won his way to his distinguished position, not by any spectacular performances, but by earnest and scholarly work. It has been said by those who are well acquainted with his preaching that to have enjoyed his ministry for many years was a whole university training in itself. So carefully has he expounded the Scriptures, with such a large and generous outlook has he interpreted the truths of the Christian revelation, that his people have not only found spiritual refreshment but at the same time have had their minds enlarged and their manhood ennobled. There have been few pastorate in recent years worthy to be compared with that of Dr. Boardman. He has been not only a loyal Baptist, but still more a loyal Christian. His influence has reached far outside the bounds of his own denomination. He is well known to be a firm believer in the ultimate reunion of Christendom, and, while he recognizes the difficulties in the way, he does not hesitate to speak with plainness concerning the duty of all Christians to work for that end. More than most men in any denomination, Dr. Boardman is the common property of the Christian Church in the United States. His many friends who are not Baptists will join with those of the denomination of which he is a member in congratulating him on the completion of so long and honorable a service, and in wishing for him in the coming years abundant opportunity for the use of his rare powers in our service of God and man.

The Y. M. C. A. in New Jersey

The twenty-fifth annual meeting of the Young Men's Christian Associations of New Jersey was held in Montclair, February 8-11. There was a large gathering, representing all parts of the State. The reports were full of encouragement. There are forty-three Associations, of which ten are in schools and colleges, four are railroad departments, and twenty-nine in cities and towns. Fourteen Associations have their own buildings; three have building funds paid in; three have endowment funds; twenty-eight have libraries; fifteen together have seventy educational classes; eighteen have gymnasiums; thirty-one have reading-rooms; sixteen have junior departments; and the number of conversions reported is 807. The Convention was entertained by the vigorous Association in Montclair, of which Mr. A. H. Siegfried, formerly Eastern manager of the Chicago "Daily News," and now of the "Ladies' Home Journal," has been its President since its organization. The President of the State Association for the past year was Mr. William D. Murray, and the Chairman of the State Committee, the Hon. Elkanah Drake. Among the speakers were the Rev. Dr. Faunce, of the Fifth Avenue Baptist Church, New York; F. B. Schenck, of Brooklyn; the Hon. H. M. Moore, of Boston; the Rev. W. R. Duryee, D.D., of Rutgers College; and Mr. George L. Leonard, International Secretary. The address of Dr. Faunce was especially valuable in that it emphasized the real sources of the power of the Y. M. C. A. While not neglecting its spiritual side, he called attention to the fact that still more in the future

its work must be largely sociological. The Y. M. C. A. of New Jersey is a very vigorous organization, and was not the least of the forces which contributed to bring about the revolution in behalf of good morals and right government which swept over the State at the last election. In common with the Association in other States, it is coming to recognize, as Dr. Faunce well said that it should, that its mission is not altogether or chiefly in being practically a church, but rather a helper of all the churches. If its best work is done in the future, we are inclined to think that its secretaries will have to be men with a thorough sociological training, as well as with spiritual gifts. "Applied Christianity" is the phrase which should characterize the Association in the immediate future.

A New Baptist Association in New Jersey

The rapid growth in population of eastern and northern New Jersey has necessitated a division of the old North Baptist Association, which has occupied a section of this territory since 1833. The Association, as originally formed, consisted of four churches, with a constituency of 548 members. At its annual meeting in Paterson, in October last, sixty-two churches reported a combined membership of 9,470. It was the unanimous sentiment that more effective work could be prosecuted by two bodies than by one. Accordingly, twenty-one churches, mainly in Morris and Essex Counties, withdrew. These churches represent forty-three per cent. of the membership and fifty per cent. of the wealth of the old Association. Pursuant to a call from a central committee, a convention composed of thirty-five delegates, representing eighteen of the twenty-one churches withdrawing, assembled at Montclair, on February 6, to organize a new body. The Rev. James T. Dickinson, of Orange, was elected Moderator; Mr. William A. May, of Montclair, Clerk; and Dr. Norman Fox, of Morristown, Treasurer. Addresses were made by Mr. Samuel Colgate, of Orange, the Moderator, and others. The new Association enters with vigor upon its work. A great opportunity opens before it. This rich suburban district of New York is building up with the best culture and citizenship from the neighboring centers of population. New denominational interests will receive sympathy and aid; feeble churches now existing will be supplied with the Gospel; while the compactness of the field to be cultivated warrants a closer touch of the churches of the Association with one another—a vital force in itself in a denomination holding to the Congregational polity.

Dr. Johnston, of Belfast

Among those who have recently died in Great Britain is the Rev. Dr. Johnston, of Belfast, who, according to the "British Weekly," for many years occupied what might fairly be called the leading place in the Presbyterian Church of Ireland. He was a man of uncommon ability, and one who had, by the greatness of his personality rather than the greatness of his genius, won a large place in the hearts of his people. "He was especially famous as a pastor, for his care of the sick, for his personal knowledge of every member, and for his watchfulness over the tempted and tried." Few men win such wide recognition because of pastoral work. Perhaps his greatest achievement was in connection with the Presbyterian Orphan Society. In the course of his ministry he became convinced that the Church suffered great loss because the children of the poor passed out of the care of the Church. In 1866 he founded the Presbyterian Orphan Society, and with his wife bore the chief burden of the enterprise for twenty-six years. At the time of his death it had an invested capital of £45,000, and an annual income of over £1,200. Dr. John Hall, in his "Lectures on Preaching," uses Dr. Johnston as a shining example of what may be accomplished by pastoral fidelity. The Presbyterian Church is very strong in Ireland, and the passing away of a man of the prominence of Dr. Johnston is an event of more than local importance.

—The Rev. Lyman Abbott will spend the first two weeks in March on a lecture tour in the West and Northwest, going as far as the twin cities of Minneapolis and St. Paul.

Gleanings

—It is rumored that the American Board will be invited to hold its annual meeting in Brooklyn in 1895.

—Presbyterian churches in Detroit have received over five hundred members this year as the result of revival efforts.

—Dr. Talmage starts about April 1 for a tour around the world. The Tabernacle will be sold to pay the debts upon it.

—The Rev. Dr. J. B. Newton, of Richmond, Va., has been elected coadjutor to Bishop Whittle, of the Episcopal Diocese of Virginia.

—The upper House of Convocation of the Church of England forbids evening communion service; which, says an exchange, is very strange, considering it is called a Supper in the Scriptures.

—The First Congregational Church of Pittsfield, Mass., observed its one hundred and thirtieth anniversary on Wednesday of last week, and on the same day the Rev. W. V. W. Davis was installed as pastor over the church. The installation sermon was preached by the Rev. Dr. Munger, of New Haven.

—The Book of Common Prayer, as revised by the General Convention at Baltimore in 1892, has appeared in a cheap edition sold at fifteen cents, the lowest price heretofore being twenty-five cents. The Convention refused either to copyright the book or put any royalty on it, that nothing might augment the cost of production or prevent its widest dissemination.

—Intelligence has been received of the death of the Rev. Charles Edward Ingham, who was attached to the American Baptist Mission on the Lower Congo. Mr. Ingham was formerly in the Coldstream Guards, and was one of a band of soldiers belonging to the Guards who, fifteen years ago, conducted evangelistic services in various parts of London. It is stated that he was an excellent shot, and during his twelve years' labors on the Congo he shot nearly one hundred elephants.

—Cable dispatches say that the Pope will soon publish an encyclical on the union of the Western and Eastern Churches. The Pope, it is said, traces the attempts that have been made to effect a union of the Churches since the schism, and shows the endeavors of the Papacy to bring about a union. The encyclical indicates the political and theological obstacles in the way of effecting the desired end, and enumerates the advantages that would ensue to the Eastern Church through a union with the Western. The Pope declares that he is strongly in favor of keeping unchanged the rites, prerogatives, autonomy, and discipline of the Eastern Church, for the Papacy, though universal, is not Latin.



Ministerial Personals

CONGREGATIONAL

—J. Jones Vaughan, of the Yale Seminary, was ordained on February 2 at Roxbury, Conn.

—George D. Black accepts a call to the Park Avenue Church of Minneapolis, Minn.

—J. W. Heyward declines a call to Fergus Falls, Minn.

—J. B. Saer, of Brookline, Mass., has received a call to Cornish, Me.

—A. H. Coolidge has resigned the pastorate of the First Church of Leicester, Mass.

—C. K. McKinley, of the Andover Seminary, has received a call from the First Church of Yarmouth, Me.

—J. Barnard Thrall, of Salt Lake City, Utah, has received a call from Washington, Conn.

—W. E. Lamphear has become pastor of the church in Masonville, Ia.

—A. S. Henderson accepts a call to Wellington, Kan.

—F. I. Wheat has become pastor of the church in Woodhaven, N. Y.

—H. C. Scottford, of Loda, Ill., has resigned.

—W. H. Holman declines a call to the College Street Church of Burlington, Vt.

—Samuel Eaton accepts a call to Hillsboro' Center, N. H.

PRESBYTERIAN

—W. Y. Brown was installed as pastor of the church in Narberth, Pa., on February 1.

—C. D. Jeffries, of Alliance, O., has resigned.

—W. W. Casselbury, of Princeton, N. J., has received a call from Haddonfield.

OTHER CHURCHES

—W. G. McCready has become rector of St. Paul's Church (P. E.), Newport, Ky.

—T. J. Garland, of All Saints' Church (P. E.), Johnstown, Pa., has accepted the rectorship of the Church of the Trinity, Coatesville.

—C. L. Short has resigned the rectorship of St. Andrew's Church (P. E.), Newcastle, Me., to become assistant at All Saints' Church, Worcester, Mass.

—S. M. Crothers has resigned the pastorate of Unity Church (Unitarian), St. Paul, Minn., and will go to Cambridge, Mass.

—John Crooks has become pastor of the Baptist church in St. Cloud, Minn.

—F. R. Millsbaugh has been chosen Dean of the Protestant Episcopal cathedral at Topeka, Kan.

—G. E. Leighton accepts a call from the Universalist church at Westbrook, Me.

—A. W. Smith, of Providence, R. I., has received a call from the Baptist church in Sheldon, Conn.

—Henry Dorr, pastor of the Methodist Episcopal church in East Saugus, Mass., died suddenly recently.

Books and Authors

Some Literary Reminiscences¹

When the late Mr. William Wordsworth tells us that he never garnished his fireside conversation with talk about people, we suspect that the worthy laureate is showing a side of his character unmistakably priggish. There is a sort of gossip about people that is not only blameless but edifying to a degree. If we never talked of persons, it would be, as if one painted landscapes without anything animate, or any sign of a human presence. The human creature is the only thing that gives interest to the rest of the world. The two volumes before us are a hoard of stories, clean, clever, and new, about people famous in one or another way, but chiefly in the literary world. Mr. Espinasse's earliest recollection of a literary celebrity is of a gentlewoman whom Robert Burns celebrated as "Clarinda" and "Nancy." This reminiscence stands at the start of his Boswellian career. He once breakfasted with the great and terrible Jeffrey, of whom he says: "Whatever he may have been in criticism, Lord Jeffrey was in private life one of the most amiable of men. What struck me most in Lord Jeffrey's physiognomy was the piercing brilliancy of his eyes, which I have never since seen equaled." On one occasion, as the author tells us, he walked sixteen miles to call upon the poet Wordsworth, who advised him to go into anything but literature. The massiveness of the poet's nose deeply impressed him, and his appearance—more like that of "a prosperous Lowland farmer" than of a delicate child of the muses. It was as an employee of the British Museum Library that Carlyle first ran across our hero. The patience of the panegyrist of Cromwell was not equal to the complexities of Panizzi's catalogue, and Mr. Espinasse helped out the testy teacher of golden silence. Already in his student days had our author put forth all his efforts to have Carlyle elected to a professorship of history, which, as it was unendowed, Carlyle would not accept. During his first call upon Carlyle the latter expressed himself freely concerning people and things; not giving in to the popular worship of Wordsworth, whom he called "a dignified preacher and teacher," though he did "coquet with the Church;" Southey's prose was "watery;" and as to Coleridge, he quoted Hazlitt, "No premises, sir, and no conclusions." At another time Carlyle remarked, "Literature written out of London has a provincial look." Carlyle's mother had failed to appreciate his "Sartor Resartus" and his "French Revolution," but the Cromwell book was her delight. Of Milnes (Lord Houghton) Carlyle said, "He takes mildly to his conservatism," and he liked Milnes's "sunny humanities" and enjoyment of a "saloon celebrity" as a poet. In a word he described Milnes's attitude—"He looks at you out of the boxes." The following pen-sketch of Carlyle by our author is good: "I can see him now, in an old brown dressing-gown, seated on a footstool on the hearth-rug, close to the fireplace in the little parlor, sending most deftly up the chimney whiffs from a long clay pipe, so that the room might not be odorous of tobacco-smoke. I can hear him between the whiffs, which served as commas and colons, etc."

Of the Ashburton affair, Mr. Espinasse is clearly of the opinion that Lady Ashburton was "no lady," and that Carlyle was to be blamed in siding with her ladyship against his own wife, who, by the way, did not show good judgment in appealing to Mazzini. "Years afterwards I overheard Carlyle say, 'When I first met Mazzini, I thought him the most beautiful creature I had ever seen—but entirely impractical;' Mrs. Carlyle, by this time a little disenchanted, quietly adding, 'He twaddled.'" Carlyle's brother, Dr. John, the translator of Dante's "Inferno," furnished the model for Teufelsdröckh in "Sartor Resartus." At first Carlyle did not like John Forster, and adopted for him Lady Bulwer's nickname, Fuzboz, short-

ening it to "Fuz" in his letters. Mr. Espinasse adds that a correspondence with Forster covering forty years lies in the Kensington Museum, and was not consulted by Mr. Froude. Carlyle's advice to would-be authors is worth quoting: "In literature a man can do nothing until he has killed his vanity." "Avoid hypochondria, pride, and gloom; they are a waste of faculty." "That seraphic man," as Carlyle termed Emerson, rarely opened his mouth when visiting the Carlyles, and Carlyle said that his ethic consisted chiefly of "prohibitions," and that Emerson's London lectures were "moonshine." Mr. Espinasse thinks that Carlyle's dislike of Panizzi, the keeper of printed books of the British Museum, prevented the Chelsea historian from writing a history of England.

Of Mr. Gladstone Carlyle said, "He has no convictions, but he is a long-headed fellow." Carlyle's religious opinions are represented as so chaotic that we cannot reproduce them. We incline to accept Mrs. Carlyle's remark that her husband was not one man, but many men. Carlyle himself spoke of his mother as "the last of the Christians." Tennyson he liked because he found "Alfred" "an intelligent listener." He tried his hand at a novel without success. To write a novel, he said, was, "on the whole, to screw one's self up with one's big toe"—a not very lucid simile. Dickens he liked, and declared to be the only man of the time in whose writings genuine cheerfulness was to be found. Thackeray, he thought, had "no convictions," and Trollope's novels were mere "dish-washings." Hallam was "Dryasdust," and Macaulay "entirely commonplace." Froude's history he pronounced "meritorious, but too much raw material." Mill's "Political Economy" he compared to extracting the cube root in Roman numerals: "It could be done, but it was not worth doing." With Mill he agreed in one opinion; that was that if the Bible could be buried for a generation and then dug up again, it would, in that case, be rightly enjoyed. "Kant," Carlyle told Mr. Espinasse, "taught me that I had a soul as well as a body." Of Charles Darwin Carlyle would never read a word, and he read but few French books, and despised French literature. His wife and Miss Jewsbury admired George Sand, which occasioned many scornful remarks from him.

Although Carlyle was an enormous reader, he spent extremely little time over the newspapers. Current literature, also, he eschewed. Milnes's "Life of Keats" he characterized as a "fricassee of a dead dog;" and of De Quincey he said, "He sees into the fibers of things." George Henry Lewes, whom the Carlyles called "the ape;" George Eliot, James Hannay, Leigh Hunt, Edwin Waugh, and Lord Beaconsfield, come in for an extended account, and thus this highly diverting volume closes.

We have left ourselves scant space to do justice to Mrs. Crosland's memoirs. They cover a larger variety of personages than Mr. Espinasse's, and they particularize less. But there are points of interest. She does not believe that Horatia Nelson Thompson was the child of "the blond Lady Hamilton or of the fair-haired Nelson." Edmund Kean she thinks "more of a momentarily inspired actor than the patient, accomplished artist." An interesting visit she made to the Chamberses in Edinburgh, and for supper they had strawberries in a soup-tureen, served out with a ladle in soup-plates, a big jug of cream in the middle of the table. Chorley told her that once when he went to see Miss Landon he found L. E. L. at the street door taking in the milk. Lady Blessington she knew intimately and describes graphically, giving a little peep into the sad history of that life. Dinah Muloch's "steadfastness of purpose" she noted, and Leigh Hunt's "self-satisfied, arrogant vulgarity" she detested. The Brownings it took her a long time to know, but, when once acquainted, she and Mrs. Browning sympathized in the matter of Spiritualism, which deeply annoyed Mr. Browning. Margaret Fuller was to the English woman a curiosity, and Mrs. Crosland permits herself to say: "Had she been brought early into contact with great minds, she must have placed her own intellect in comparison with them, instead of measuring it by mediocrities, and consequently arriving at a point of self-esteem which was sometimes rather harshly judged. It is in the nature of a

¹ *Literary Recollections and Sketches.* By Francis Espinasse. Dodd, Mead & Co., New York. \$4.
Landmarks of a Literary Life, 1820-1892. By Mrs. Newton Crosland (Camilla Toulmin). Charles Scribner's Sons, New York. \$2.

paradox, and yet a truth, to say that had she learned less she would have known more." R. H. Horne comes in for a dispassionate judgment: "He scarcely, I think, deserved to be called a genius, though he had his flashes of inspiration." Mr. Espinasse and Mrs. Crosland agree in their estimate of J. A. Heraud as an egotistical and grandiose person, though he was a fine critic. Mrs. Crosland's account of her visit to Miss Mitford is certainly one of the most amusing stories in her volume of a thousand good stories, but it is too long to quote.

Both these books are admirably written and condensed in style, especially the latter. For lovers of literary biography and anecdote they are a veritable mine of good things. It is to be deplored that Mr. Espinasse did not see fit to furnish his bulky volume with an index; its paper and printing are exceptionally fine.



The Moltke Memoirs¹

These volumes are convenient in size, and paper and type are good, especially in the book of "Letters," but we look in vain for an index—a surprising lack. More surprising still is the omission of Moltke's portraits, while those of his brother and sister are of poor quality. The two volumes of "Memoirs" include early essays on Holland and Belgium, Poland, France, and the Eastern Question; speeches in the Reichstag and in the Prussian Landtag on strategic canals, the postal and railway service, municipal fortifications, tax-exemption of soldiers, military pensions, and the constitution of the army; to which are appended memorial letters, closing with Curtius's eulogy. The translations are fairly well done, though German idioms do not always find English equivalents. Instructive as are the essays, the speeches, delivered a generation later, are still more so, giving us an exact picture of Moltke's politics, and of his constant exposition of an inseparable connection between civil and military interests, just as his admirable work, "The Franco-German War," shows as exactly the uncompromising conqueror. Moltke was no youthful Alexander or Napoleon; he was sixty-six years old before he directed his first campaign. But in estimating his transcendent services let us not forget the strong foundation of military organism upon which he built—a foundation laid by Scharnhorst, Stein, Clausewitz, and Roon. At forty-two Moltke was only a major of the general staff, but he was already an adept in every military knowledge, whether of language or history, geography or mathematics, political economy or inventive science. It is in the introduction of inventions, indeed, that the nonagenarian Field-Marshal gave lessons to the world, and in particular to the present youthful ruler of the Fatherland. Since the day when Moltke revolutionized the method of feeding soldiers by introducing condensed food supplies, the nations have been quick to examine and adopt new inventions in equipment and armament, whether of balloons, light-weight uniforms, smokeless powder, air-guns, or bullet-proof cloaks, while railways and telegraphs exist as much for strategic as for commercial purposes. Only the other day the German War Department decided to use aluminum dishes in the army, and to advise that helmets be made out of the same metal.

Moltke was no dashing trooper like the Dessauer or the Red Prince. His services were not, like theirs, matters of impulse, no matter how timely, for his military ideal was one of head rather than of heart. In order to be lastingly successful, campaigns must be the result of long and patient years of application under severest discipline. And who so fitted to inaugurate, arrange, and enforce that discipline as the greatest military organizer, instructor, and strategist the world has ever seen? For him there existed no proud knights in armor; only patient, hard-working students. Intellect had conquered mere brute force. Militarism was a fine art.

As one reads these speeches, the spare and slender figure,

as unlike the traditional Teuton's as possible, the lean, hungry, Cassius-looking, yet Sphinx-like face, with its strong jaw, its firm lips, and keen eyes, come to mind as vividly as when the writer used to see the venerable chief daily in Berlin. It is, however, in the volume of "Letters" that we learn to know the man rather than the soldier, though so inwrought was his fiber with the soldier-instinct that the two may not be severed. Memoirs are cold; letters warm. We cannot open anywhere upon an undelightful page. Is he traveling by night *incog.* in Germany? In the carriage a Turkish conversation is in progress between two Armenians returning from the Leipsic fair. Moltke joins in the chat in their own language, telling the men of their villages and mountains in which he had a command, and from which they had long been absent. Is he contrasting cities? He puts the case in a nutshell as between Stuttgart and Munich: In the latter capital everything has been done by the King; in the former, by the inhabitants. He says of Schaffhausen: "One might as well try to describe music as a waterfall." That was to be expected from the devoted listener to the classical concerts of the Joachim Quartette in the Berlin Singakademie. But when he gets to Italy, it is astonishing how this man, about whom silence hung as a garment, should suddenly break forth into the most enthusiastic as well as exact description. Of more moment still are his words on men and life. Of William I.: "Our old King may have a hard trial before him; however, it is to be hoped that sound common sense will conquer the pride of our neighbors." Of Frederick the Noble: "He bears his sufferings with a wonderful manliness." Of the Papacy: "It tamely ends its tenacious life in voluntary exile." Of permanent peace: "Surely nobody will deny that in proportion to the progress of morality, humanity in warfare has increased. With the advance of civilization it may be hoped that the employment of this last resort will become more and more rare; but no state will ever be able to dispense with it entirely." Of success: "The value of our life on earth will not be judged by the success but by the purity of our endeavors, and our perseverance even where there was no visible result." Of his beloved Marie: "I do not doubt that she will greet me in another life, when these sufferings are ended, as she did at the station when I returned from the campaign in 1866, and I often long for this time.—I must send you my last wishes for Christmas, although for us it will always be connected with a time of sadness. The Lord took Marie to himself on the day when salvation was brought to mankind."



We have already quoted one of the many anecdotes of soldier life from Mr. William Forbes-Mitchell's *Reminiscences of the Great Mutiny*. There is a certain fascination of the horrible that clings to the memories of the Cawnpore atrocities, the retreat from Lucknow, and the other great events in the Indian Mutiny. The present author was a private soldier, and later a non-commissioned officer, in the Ninety-third Highland Regiment in those thrilling times. He took part in almost all of the severe fighting with the sepoys, and had every possible opportunity for obtaining evidence at first hand. He tells his story in a plain, soldierly way, and, apart from the extraordinary interest of the events recorded, his narrative is made readable by its great wealth of incident and anecdote. Some ideas generally entertained about the Mutiny are flatly contradicted, and the few remarks made about the causes of the revolt against British rule—or rather the rule of John Company—are so significant that one would gladly hear the author at length on this subject. The account of the storming of Secundrâbâgh is a spirited and exciting piece of writing. After that battle Mr. Mitchell went into a mosque in the middle of the night with a naked native lamp in his hand, and walked into a loose pile of gunpowder up to his ankles. He soon discovered that he was in the center of a magazine, with tons of powder, loose and in kegs, and hundreds of shells all about him! He clasped the wick of his lamp firmly with his naked hand, putting it out at the cost of a bad burning, and staggered out, with, he says, literally knocking knees and hair erect. Such was one incident of the eventful life of a soldier. Of the Cawnpore massacre Mr. Mitchell says positively that Nana Sahib would never have ordered it had it not been for the importunities of a favorite, once a slave-girl, who not only persuaded him to give the order, but herself furnished the two

¹ *Essays, Speeches, and Memoirs of Field-Marshal Count Helmuth von Moltke*. In 2 Vols. Harper & Brothers, New York. \$5.
Field-Marshal Count Helmuth von Moltke as a Correspondent. Harper & Brothers, New York. \$2.50.

butchers who did most of the slaughter. The story of this atrocity goes far to excuse some of the subsequent acts of vengeance by the British; certainly some of these latter acts stand sorely in need of excuse. We are glad that Mr. Mitchell confirms the often-denied story of Jessie Brown and the bagpipes at the relief of Lucknow. (Macmillan & Co., New York.)

The fine portrait of *General Winfield Scott* which serves as preface to the biography by General Marcus J. Wright in the "Great Commanders Series" brings out wonderfully well the honest, leonine, and somewhat grim character of the great soldier. It has almost been forgotten now that Scott was once a defeated candidate for the Presidency, but his military exploits in the Mexican War will hold a place in history second only to the achievements of the "Great Commanders" who took up his staff of command when the Civil War confronted him in his old age. No previous writer has made it so clear that the country was under an enormous debt to General Scott at the outbreak of war, although Mr. L. E. Chittenden's book of reminiscences has laid emphasis on the facts—facts which at the time were not everywhere understood. A Virginian like Lee, when put to the same test with Lee, Scott placed country before State without the slightest hesitation. The story is told that when he was approached by secessionists, who wished to offer him the command of Virginia's forces, he stopped them in the middle of a sentence, so that, as he said, he might save them from offering him a deadly insult. In the firmness of his attitude he never faltered, and his stand unquestionably saved Washington. Had President Buchanan followed his advice to strengthen the forts in the South, it is more than likely that war might have been averted. Among the interesting personal anecdotes told by General Wright (now, we believe, for the first time in print) is that the Duke of Wellington followed Scott's Mexican campaign most minutely, marking on a map each day's movements. When he saw that General Scott had arrived at "the rim of the basin of Mexico," Wellington exclaimed: "Scott is lost. He has been carried away by successes. He can't take the city, and he can't fall back on his base." But he did both! A most interesting chapter on a subject that has never before been adequately treated is Scott's connection with the removal of the Cherokees from Georgia. Altogether, General Wright's book must be ranked as the best of the excellent series in which it appears. (D. Appleton & Co., New York.)

Readers of *The Outlook* have not forgotten and will not forget the fresh and helpful work, both in prose and verse, of Mrs. S. W. Weitzel, so long known to its readers under the *nom de plume* of "Sophie Winthrop." Mrs. Weitzel's death, after a long illness, in southern California has been followed by the publication of a modest collection of her verse brought together by Mr. Weitzel in memorial of a woman of rare gifts and rare character. Mrs. Weitzel had a genuine insight into life, a profound sympathy with all those who share in its experiences and bear its burdens, and a fresh and attractive style. This little volume of poems, *From Time to Time* (A. D. F. Randolph & Co., New York), is notable for its earnestness of mood, its spiritual fidelity, and its intellectual freshness and force. Mrs. Weitzel was one of those whose thought found its value in its fidelity to life and it would be difficult to find any piece of verse from her pen which does not in one way or another touch upon the deeper experiences of humanity. Pure thought, high aspiration, and a considerable gift for musical expression characterize this memorial volume, of which the best thing that can be said is that it not inadequately expresses the spirit and the life of its author.

The Gist of Whist is the expressive title of a "concise guide to the modern scientific game," prepared by Charles E. Coffin. We learn from the author that the system known as the "American leads" has now been solemnly indorsed by the great English authorities, and must hereafter be adopted by all truly scientific adepts at Mrs. Battle's favorite game. The exposition of the laws of induction and inference laid down in this manual is admirably clear and exact. But what happens when a good player of the old school and a mathematical reasoner of the new type are placed together as partners? Is there no middle ground between "bumblepuppy" and the inexorable law of science? Is whist a game, or a profound study? (J. Selwin Tait & Sons, New York.)

Biblical Essays by the late J. B. Lightfoot, D.D., LL.D., Lord Bishop of Durham (Macmillan & Co., New York), contains a series of valuable essays, some printed from lecture notes, others reprints. They all relate to questions in New Testament criticism, such as the authenticity and genuineness of St. John's Gospel, the structure and destination of the Epistles to the Romans, the date of the later Epistles, etc. They constitute a valuable addition to the scholar's library, but are so fragmentary that their value will not extend beyond a limited circle.

Literary Notes

—Mr. Henry Mills Alden, who is a descendant of John Alden of Mayflower fame, has been editor of "Harper's Magazine" for twenty-seven years.

—The country place of Mr. Stockton, at Convent, N. J., is called "The Holt," and that of Mr. Cable, at Northampton, "Stayawhile."

—Professor Sloan, of Princeton, who has long been collecting material for an exhaustive life of Napoleon, has about finished writing it. The "Century" is to publish it serially.

—A new edition of Mr. Hardy's "Wessex Tales" is being issued in London. The present edition of his "Tess" has reached twenty-three thousand copies.

—The first edition of the "Plymouth Hymnal" is already exhausted, and the second edition will soon be issued from the press. No changes will be made except the correction of a few typographical errors, which in spite of care crept into the first edition.

—The second volume of the "Orations and Addresses" of George William Curtis, edited by Professor Norton, just published, is filled with matter relating to Civil Service Reform. The third, also in press, contains historical and memorial addresses, including the one on Lowell, delivered in 1892.

—The doorkeepers of the Senate Chamber often find it necessary to be purblind. One day some years since people were astonished to see Dr. Oliver Wendell Holmes on the floor instead of in the galleries. The doorkeeper afterwards confessed that Senator Evarts had introduced the Doctor, with a wink, as "my new private secretary."

—There is to be a new French review of the highest class, which is to be published fortnightly, and in a general way to resemble the "Revue de Deux Mondes," but to depart in some respects very widely from that admirable publication. The "Revue de Paris" is to be more like the great English reviews. It will omit the old-time chronicle of art, literature, music, and the drama, and will discuss the questions of the day by the hands of the foremost writers in Europe.

—The Columbia University Press, which was incorporated in 1893, with the consent of the Trustees of Columbia College, announces that it has made an arrangement for a term of years with the publishing house of Macmillan & Co., by which they will act as publishers and agents of the Press both in America and Europe. The Columbia University Press has been formed to issue, on the model of the Clarendon Press, publications containing the results of original investigation and scholarship of the professors and graduate students of the University and of other scholars. The Columbia Press is fortunate in having made an alliance with the Macmillans, who represent the university presses of Oxford and Cambridge, and who rank among the foremost publishers in the English-speaking world.

—Hardly less famous than the journalistic success, hospitality, and philanthropy of the late Mr. Childs was his remarkable library. Its chief treasure, and the one in which its owner took most pride, is the only manuscript of a Dickens novel outside a museum; namely, that of "Our Mutual Friend." Among other manuscripts are those of Thackeray's "Lectures on the Four Georges," of Sir Walter Scott's "Chronicles of the Canongate," of Bulwer's "Godolphin" and "Pilgrims of the Rhine," and of a tragedy by John Howard Payne (author of "Home, Sweet Home"), entitled "The Italian Bride." The play was written for Charlotte Cushman, but was never performed. Another curious manuscript is that of a poem by Major André, "The Cow-Chase," in which he satirizes General Wayne's unsuccessful attempt to capture a British post on the Hudson River in 1780. A large folio volume of great historical interest contains portraits and autograph letters from every President, from Washington to Cleveland.

—Mrs. Ward's "Marcella" casts a large shadow before, especially as we are told that the heroine is interested in such work as is being done in New York City by the East Side Club and the College Settlements—such work, indeed, as Mrs. Ward herself is doing in London. Says the (London) "Literary World:" "The current reports about Mrs. Humphry Ward's new novel are unauthorized and incorrect. The book is in no sense a study of Socialism, though the background and atmosphere of the story are very much supplied by some of the social questions of the period which now come so practically home to each one of us. It is the history of a woman, and will be called by her name. It is expected that the new novel will have finally left the author's hands by the middle of February, and that it will be simultaneously published in England and America about the first week in April. Mrs. Ward's last novel, 'The History of David Grieve,' has been a remarkable success, the circulation having already reached a total of from 130,000 to 140,000 copies in the various copyright editions."

[For list of Books Received see page 335]

The Spectator

Men who rent furnished rooms in New York have some curious experiences. The Spectator knew of one man, a night worker on a newspaper, who was awakened one morning by the "going, going, gone" of an auctioneer who was selling the bed in which the tired newspaper man was sleeping. The unfortunate woman who kept this house had fallen into the hands of the sheriff. Another acquaintance found himself locked out of his room because the money-lender had foreclosed a chattel mortgage on his landlady's furniture. These experiences, however, were commonplace beside that which another friend of the Spectator is having just now. This gentleman believes that there is more virtue in sunlight than in almost anything else, and in selecting a living-room he always looks very carefully to the exposure. He must have windows into which the sun will shine the better part of the time. Last autumn he found a new room that suited him to a T, and he moved into it early in October. His landlady, a newly made widow, had fitted up a house for lodgers with the showy, cheap furniture that comes from Grand Rapids in Michigan, and with carpets that are made of shoddy and ornamented with the reddest flowers that can result from low-priced dyes. The Spectator's friend did not mind such things so long as he had the blessed sunlight. But the other afternoon his serenity was abruptly disturbed by a visit from his landlady. She was angry and voluble. "See here," she said, going to the bed and shaking it, "what do you mean by ruining my furniture like this?" Sure enough, the bed threatened to fall to pieces under her vigorous arm. "Why, how in the world have I damaged the bed?" the Spectator's friend answered; "I have only slept in it, and I sleep very quietly." "Sleeping in it! Sleeping in it!" the landlady exclaimed, angrily. "That has nothing to do with it; you have let the sun shine on it, and the glue is melted, and the wood is warped, and the varnish is spoiled." "Why, bless my soul!" the poor man responded, "so it is, but that's not my fault; that's the fault of the bed, or of the sun." "But who let the sun shine in?" asked the widow; and before he could reply, she added, "And look at that carpet, all faded, all ruined!" The gentleman was of opinion that the carpet had been improved by the dulling of the brilliant hues, but he had no chance to argue this question, for the landlady was full of words that had to be uttered. "You are a quiet lodger, and you pay your rent promptly, but you are too destructive; I want you to move." "Very well, madam, I will move at once." "But before you go," she said, "you must pay me for this bed, and this carpet, and this table, and this chair," and she went on with a complete inventory of the furniture in the room. "But I shall do nothing of the kind," he answered, firmly. "Then you shall not take your trunks away," was the landlady's ultimatum. The Spectator's friend secured an expressman to remove his trunks, but the room was locked against him, and it was necessary for him to get an order of a court before he could get possession of his belongings. The landlady says she will bring an action for damages, and if the case ever comes to trial we shall have a decision upon one of the most novel questions ever brought before a court. The Spectator's friend now has apartments that he has furnished himself, and his bedstead is made of brass and iron, and his floors are uncarpeted.

Recently the Spectator spent a week in the country. His host had a son eight years old, and the boy and the Spectator became very good friends. When the Spectator had taken his seat in the wagon in which he was to drive to the station, the boy said to him, sadly, and with a sigh: "I am mighty sorry you are going away, Mr. Spectator." The Spectator was very much touched at the boy's genuine regret at his departure. "It is very nice of you to say so, Tommy," he said. "Yes," replied Tommy, with another sigh; "we shall go back to plain every-day living now!"

Several learned professors are engaged at present in investigating the phenomena of dreams. In this investigation many

things are conceded at the outset. Among other things, it is conceded that a dreamer can dream he is dreaming. This would seem to be a very complex operation, but the Spectator can testify that it is possible. The Spectator recently dreamed all night, and among others had one dream that made him profoundly miserable. He dreamed that he was in Boston and with friends who had known him all his life, friends who were well acquainted with his entire career. Notwithstanding this, the dreamer in his dream insisted on spinning a yarn as to a personal experience with James Russell Lowell. The dreamer was conscious that his friends knew that the yarn was false, and he knew it was false. They were shocked at his mendacity, and he was mortified that he should tell such a barefaced falsehood. He wanted to stop, but had lost self-control, and went on elaborating the story with the most minute details. He was in great grief, but he told the story to the end. Then he suffered all the pangs of remorse; then he argued with himself, still in a dream, that he had only dreamed that he had been lying, and really had not lied; but it was useless; he tortured himself until he awoke, and even then he felt ashamed of himself.

The Spectator met in Brooklyn the other day a man who pursues the curious trade of making puzzles. Among other puzzles he invented "the fourteen-fifteen puzzle" and "the pigs in clover." He receives orders for puzzles from newspapers in both England and America, and realizes an income from his business that is most satisfactory. A little while ago he was a member of the Kings County Grand Jury. The jury visited the County Insane Asylum, and the Warden, learning by chance that one of the members had made the "fourteen-fifteen puzzle," said to him, "There are about two hundred of your friends here, sir." "What do you mean?" asked the puzzle-maker. "Why, that your 'fourteen-fifteen puzzle' sent about two hundred patients here incurably insane." This was no doubt a very great exaggeration, though probably that perplexing and half of the time impossible puzzle did dethrone the reason of a person here and there. This is not much of a tribute to the puzzle-maker's skill, for a puzzle that is incapable of solution under all conditions is no puzzle at all.

The Spectator knows two gentlemen—brothers; when young men, at the breaking out of the war, both of them went into the Union Army and fought till the surrender at Appomattox and the mustering out of the volunteer forces. The elder of the brothers was a major when the war closed, and the younger a captain; each was brevetted for gallantry and meritorious service. The major secured a commission in the regular army, and the captain went into the postal service. In January last each had served the Government, not counting war service, something like twenty-nine years. The major in the regular army had risen in that time, by promotions due to seniority, to a high rank; the post-office official had stayed all the while in one place. In that place, however, he performed the duties, during twenty-five years of the time, of higher officials who received twice as much in compensation. The elder brother, having reached the retiring age, was placed on the retired list of the army, with an ample salary that will last as long as he lives. The younger brother has just been retired also from his place in the post-office, because the place was needed for a partisan worker who had "whooped it up" for the Democratic party. But the post-office official goes into retirement without pay, and has been obliged to seek employment in an entirely new field of work—taking a place that would ordinarily fall to a youth of twenty-five. This story needs no comment, but the Spectator cannot refrain from remarking that duties well performed in one branch of the public service are quite as worthy of reward as those in any other. That some public servants should have a secure tenure of office, with a retiring pay when old age comes, and that others who have worked with just as much zeal and intelligence should be thrown out of office at the whim of practical politicians, is not only unfair, unjust, and wrong, but silly in principle. Civil Service Reform may have advanced in the past ten years, but there is a tremendous lot yet to be accomplished before the ideals of George William Curtis are realized.

With Our Readers

Correspondence

Quaker Anarchists

To the Editors of The Outlook:

I am a believer in the greatest amount of individual liberty compatible with equality of liberty. I am opposed to every form of coercion of the non-invasive individual. That is to say, I am an Anarchist—what your contributor, Mr. Jno. Gilmer Speed, would call a “theoretical Anarchist.” This being my belief, if I were to throw a bomb at those who coerce the non-invasive individual, Mr. Speed would say that I was either a madman or a criminal. But as I refrain from throwing bombs (my reason for refraining being that, in my judgment, liberty cannot be achieved by bomb-throwing, but can be achieved only by education in political science), Mr. Speed tells your readers that I am a coward. “Harmless from lack of courage” is the descriptive phrase which he applies to those who think and act as I do. I desire to ask Mr. Speed upon what he founds his charge. Is there anything in the position that it is a political error to throw bombs that necessarily implies cowardice? If not, then Mr. Speed must have personal knowledge concerning the individual characters of myself and my comrades that entitles him to call us cowards. I ask him, in all fairness, to tell me and to tell your readers what that knowledge is. Let us have the facts.

BENJAMIN R. TUCKER.

New York City.

It seems, then, that Anarchists may be divided into two classes: militant Anarchists like Vaillant, and what we may call Quaker Anarchists—the latter believing in removing all “coercion from the non-invasive individual,” but not believing in forcible revolution to bring this about. This kind of Anarchist may rightly, we admit, claim exemption from the charge of cowardice at least. But how long would his “non-invasive individual” remain non-invasive after the restraint of law was removed?—THE EDITORS.

What is a Billion?

To the Editors of The Outlook:

For the enlightenment of a bewildered reader of your issue of February 3, will you kindly explain by authority of what new species of “arithmetical progression” Sir Henry Bessemer argues that a billion is represented in figures by the unit 1 closely followed by a procession of twelve ciphers marching in Indian file? The writer truly hopes some mistake has been made, or, at least, that in these days of great things Sir Henry’s remembrance of the lessons learned in his earlier school-days is at fault. Imagine how very depressing an effect his cool, calculating method of impressing a billion’s magnitude upon humanity at large must have upon the hope and labor of those who, even in this period of financial troubles, still aspire to be billionaires! In ignorance of his reasoning, they surely might still have struggled on toward the goal of their ambition, and eventually have accumulated three or four dollars; but, now that his hard exposition of the truth has shown them how vain is their hope, who can say that this “little knowledge,” will not be to them a “dangerous thing,” demoralizing the American habit of thrift, teaching the opposite of the old maxim of “a penny saved flocks together,” and finally bringing to an end the necessity for savings banks, those institutions which mean as much to the masses as Carlisle’s bond issue means to Wall Street?

T. C.

Sir Henry Bessemer’s interesting article quoted by us was, on its face, written by an Englishman and printed in an English paper—the London “Times.” We have been surprised by the number of letters received on this point from readers who have forgotten

what their arithmetics used, at least, to tell them—namely, that the English arithmeticians reckon a million million to be a billion, while French and American mathematicians call a thousand million a billion, and a million million a trillion.—THE EDITORS.

Manuscript-Making

To the Editors of The Outlook:

The Spectator’s views upon manuscript-making are doubtless based on the experience gained in the office of The Outlook. [This does not happen to be the case.—THE EDITORS.] Did he intend to write of extended manuscripts, as for books and serials? Against his ninety-seven per cent. never published let me state a few facts. I have written perhaps a hundred sketches and articles in two years at odd times amid professional duties. I have only four left over. All the others have been published and paid for, except two: one that was practically stolen, for which I cannot recover pay without resort to law, and another sent to a publisher who failed. The business, as you say, is not sufficient to live upon, but it makes a welcome fund of “pin-money.” A near friend of mine who writes twice as much as I write, perhaps, whose work I assist in shaping a little, has but two left over—both seasonable, and not good again until the seasons recur. She never writes, as I never do, except for pay.

Another friend, a clergyman’s wife, has earned over a hundred and fifty dollars since last summer writing short manuscripts, all merely submitted on their merits.

These are all cases where the manuscripts have been submitted as miscellaneous contributions at such compensation as the editors thought proper, varying from two to twenty-five dollars. The writers are all obscure, belong to the large army, and do not always publish under their own names. No one of them has reason to think his reputation could have anything to do with the case. Manuscripts have frequently been accepted the first time sent, others have been sent several times to different publishers. Occasionally one is made over after one or two rejections.

Is this experience either exceptional or remarkable? Doubtless there has been some care in adapting the matter written to the apparent quality and design of the journal for which it is first prepared. There is some endeavor to observe curious and interesting things, useful things, and current things in order to write acceptably, and there is a fair knowledge of English grammar and rhetoric; perhaps there is an average literary taste and ability. But some of these articles have been taken by periodicals of the highest class and the largest circulation. The majority of them have been accepted by middle-class journals and those of a specialist type.

Among other manuscripts was a serial. The writer was paid in cash for it, by the first publisher to whom it was sent, two hundred and twenty-five dollars; another one is still going around.

I have within my knowledge other experiences of authors not so favorable, but I greatly doubt if any who have written a great deal would believe that ninety-seven per cent. of manuscripts are never published. From several experiences with The Outlook I have an idea, however, that, outside a circle quite too narrow to make the best possible journal, the acceptances of manuscripts fall a long way below three per cent. But that does not represent American publishers, unless my own experience has been miraculous.

A CLERGYMAN.

Perhaps the Spectator’s remarks may have been a little too sweeping. The sale of manuscripts, like other commercial transactions, depends very largely on the laws of demand and supply, and, while “average” and “commonplace” articles greatly exceed the demand, there is, on the other hand, a constantly increasing and eager demand for that which is

truly original, able, or entertaining.—THE EDITORS.

Was This Wrong?

To the Editors of The Outlook:

A story has been going the rounds of the press, which I have seen with fullest detail in the “Home Journal” of Boston, that deserves a strong protest against the immorality it records, rather than to be relished, as it seems to be, as the successful scoring of a point.

An “American lady,” whose name is given, was told by an Englishman that there was one thing the almighty dollar could not do—it could not buy admission into the “best English society.” Nettled at this, and resolved to prove him mistaken, she inserted an advertisement in a certain paper, setting forth that an American girl, signing herself “Heiress,” desired to secure a chaperon of the highest social standing, who would introduce her into the best English society. After two days she had eighty-seven replies from society people, giving their addresses and titles. Selecting one of these, she entered into further correspondence, saying that, though she had large wealth, her father had been only a ranchman in Texas, and her relatives, though honest folks, were of the class that Americans would call “common as dirt.” She wished to know if this fact, frankly disclosed, would constitute any barrier to the desired arrangement. The reply of Lady Blank was that it would not, provided the advertiser were a young lady of refinement. The compensation named was, of course, large.

Here the correspondence stopped, as the advertiser had obtained material enough to confute her opponent.

The “American lady” who did this thing seems to have felt no shame in it, as she has given her name. Many who have read it have enjoyed it as a smart bit of success, and as a taking down of British pride; so a friend expressed himself yesterday. The humiliation is rather on the other side—for the moral insensibility which is capable either of perpetrating or of relishing such a performance, the deadness to honorable feeling which has no sense of the personal wrong done in duping people, by a lying advertisement, into a correspondence designed only to expose them to mortification and their country to disparagement. Smart, no doubt, but shamefully unscrupulous, and, worst of all, the work of a countrywoman who glories in her shame.

The moral dullness here exhibited is one of the menacing symptoms of our National life to-day. The educational campaign we have heard of as wanted in economics is wanted in ethics also.

J.

“Along That Line”

To the Editors of The Outlook:

It occurs to me that it is about time to retire the expression “along that line,” together with all its variations, on the ground that it is “done to death.” I have never been able to discover what that line is: whether it is a clothes-line on which one’s thoughts are displayed for an airing; or a fish-line on which, rhetorically speaking, one’s hearers are supposed to be caught; or a plumb-line, indicating the direction of right ideas. I was inclining to advocate the first reference, from the fact that speakers seemed to string their thoughts along it, when a friend said I was very stupid not to know that it referred to the remark of General Grant that he would fight it out “along that line if it took all summer.” That sounded very plausible until another friend emphatically insisted that the reference was to the Bible verse where it speaks of “line upon line, line upon line.” I had to admit that the frequency with which the phrase is used favored this latter derivation. I have begun to wish it was a hangman’s line, from the end of which every user of the phrase might be made to dangle.

I attended a prayer-meeting the other night, and my spiritual frame of mind was spoiled by the fact that the minister, in the course of a ten-minute opening speech, used the expression six times, by actual count. He ended every point by remarking, “There are many

other things I would like to speak of along that line." And I concluded (I admit it was very bad of me) that he used the phrase to cover up the fact that he had said all he knew on the point. He was a country minister, and I did not lay it up against the profession. But imagine my distress when, a few nights later, I listened to the Dean of a Theological School, who introduced the same phrase seven times in an address of fifteen minutes. Nor have the ministers only gone mad with the expression. I was at another prayer-meeting in which the pastor began by saying, "I want to speak in the line of our last week's topic," and ended with, "Now I hope what I have said will suggest to you other things along the same line." The senior deacon then arose and said, "In line with our pastor's remarks, I want to say," etc. I remarked to myself, "If even the senior deacon has caught it, what hope is there for the rest of these people?" And my fear proved well grounded. For, as soon as the deacon sat down, up jumped a little man with the remark: "In that identical [I thanked him in my heart for that one new word] line, I must tell you of an experience I had this week." So it was all through the meeting; men, women, and children all talked "along that line." I resolved then and there (minister as I was) that I would never use the expression again if I could help it. I have kept the resolution fairly well, but, owing to the "infirmity of the flesh," I have had one or two lapses, for which I am thoroughly ashamed.

Do you not agree with me that, whatever power the phrase once may have had, it has lost it now through being over-used? It has become so common as to warrant classification in Hamlet's things which are "weary, stale, flat, and unprofitable."

Will not The Outlook institute a crusade against the phrase? And that you may have some positive suggestion, I recommend that we all begin to use the expression *upon that hook*, or, if that does not suit, something along that line.

C. H. P.

Notes and Queries

1. Please explain your understanding of 1 Pet. iii., 18-20. 2. How many people are supposed to have been on the earth at the time of the flood—when Noah built the Ark? How is the number estimated? And what became of the bodies of those who were drowned by the flood? 3. Did the rainbow exist before the flood? Did it probably rain before that time? 4. Are paradise and heaven the same? 5. Do you believe that the spirits of our departed friends go at once to heaven? 6. Will you explain Acts ii., 34? 7. What is the meaning of "Endymion"? 8. Can you give me the address of some kindergarten magazine?

B. A. M.

1. It probably means that Jesus, after his death, proclaimed salvation to those sinners. Compare 1 Pet. iv., 6. 2. Unknowable. 3. Yes, but a new meaning became attached to the bow in the cloud. 4. Each signifies a place of blessedness, but paradise was conceived of as subterranean. 5. All souls rise at death into the life of the world to come, each to his own place according to spiritual fitness. 6. The speaker thought of David as not yet risen, but still in the subterranean paradise. 7. Endymion, according to Greek mythology, was a beautiful youth beloved by the moon-goddess. The thing thus represented was the sun setting at the time of the moon rising. 8. The "Kindergarten Magazine," Woman's Temple, Chicago.

Please tell me if there is published a book of prayers of one or more clergymen, that would be of some assistance to one who finds public, extemporaneous prayer something of a trial.

C. M. F.

Ferguson Brothers (Philadelphia) publish an excellent manual, a "Scriptural Service-Book," at 5 cents a copy. Houghton, Mifflin & Co. (Boston) publish the "American Book of Church Services" at about \$1. A similar volume has recently been published by the American Unitarian Association (Boston). In all of these, excellent forms of prayer may be found.

Kindly refer me to the best book on the teachings of the Plymouth Brethren and their refutation.

A. M. P.

Tevlon's "History and Doctrines of the Plymouth Brethren" (published in London).

See also Chambers's and other cyclopædias. Their theology is Calvinistic. The best refutation of their peculiar tenets is in the extreme individualism and extravagance of their assumption that the entire Christian body, themselves excepted, is apostate and rejected of God. With this fanaticism, however, is combined much personal piety.

In our class-room, suspended on the wall, is an admirable portrait, finely framed, a work of art, given by some friend unknown. At the upper edge of the picture is printed "Musée du Louvre." Under the striking face, which is that of an old and wrinkled man, with a silken hood on head and shoulders, is the name DENNER. "Who's Denner?" exclaimed a venerable Episcopal clergyman yesterday, and every week the question is asked. No book in our library tells about him. Cannot you tell us?

Balthasar Denner (1685-1749) was one of the German portrait-painters who continued the minute detail methods of the Dutch school. His delineation of old people is especially wonderful. Every wrinkle and hair stands out as in life. This tendency, however, led him to become so much a realist as to detract from the expression of the inward spirit, and his faces, in consequence, are sometimes but those of wax figures. Denner was born in Hamburg, and even when a boy of eight years copied engravings, while he was already at work upon oil portraits before he was fourteen. Going ere long to Berlin, he soon enjoyed such a reputation that he was invited to many courts, where he painted industriously and won universal favor. His best pictures are in Dresden, Vienna, and Paris.

Which is the correct translation—in fact, which is the correct word—in the following: The name given to the convent at which Columbus spent some time is written in all the accounts of the Fair, also at the Fair, as "La Rabi'da," the translation they give being "St. Mary the Mad." In history I have seen the name given as "La Rabi'da," meaning "of the border" ("St. Mary of the border"). Now, will you tell me which is correct?

C. H. S.

The Encyclopædia Britannica, usually very accurate, gives La Rabida. Perhaps some reader can give the "exact facts."

It may interest the readers of The Outlook to know that there is a proverb current in Lancashire somewhat similar to the one "It is but three generations from shirt-sleeves" (see Correspondence in The Outlook of Feb. 10). Our proverb runs, "From clogs to clogs is three generations." Clogs, as is well known, are the iron-shod wooden foot-gear of the Lancashire working people. The proverb evidently belongs to this century, and has reference to the rapidly made fortunes of fifty or sixty years ago, which were as rapidly dissipated by the immediate descendants of the makers. I never heard the proverb attributed to any individual man; it seems to express a matter of common observation, and has probably changed its form more than once before it reached the present aphoristic stage.

A. G. P.

The source of the line which "J. S. B." quotes is Emerson's "Terminus"—

"As the bird trims her to the gale,
I trim myself to the storm of time,
I man the rudder, reef the sail,
Obey the voice at eve, obeyed at prime:

'Lowly faithful, banish fear,
Right onward drive unharmed;
The port, well worth the cruise, is near,
And every wave is charmed.'

M. R. S.

Will some reader of The Outlook who is familiar with the subject kindly name eight or ten of the best books on the subject of Pottery and the Potter's Art? They are wanted for a young men's library in a pottery town. The most of them should be of an elementary character, and interesting enough to hold the attention of young men who have received limited educations.

F.

Can any one give the authorship of the poem beginning:

"God never loved me in so sweet a way before
'Tis he alone who can such blessings send;
And when his love would new expression find,
He brought thee to me and said,
'Behold a Friend!'"

G. L. D.

I have a year-book—"The Day's Message"—arranged by Susan Coolidge, in which are several very beautiful quotations from a poem, "The Disciples." The name of the writer is not given, as in most of the other quotations. Can any one tell me the poet's name, and where I may find the entire poem?

E. W. G.

Can any one tell me where I can find any romance or biography relating to Margaret of Austria, daughter of Maximilian I., who was buried in the Church of Brou, described by Matthew Arnold?

C. H. C.

Will some reader of The Outlook kindly give me the titles of three of the best temperance stories for a grammar-school library?

A. E. K.

Windmills for Electric Lighting

There ~~are~~ said to be, says the "Electrical World," not less than 500,000 windmills in actual daily operation in this country alone, and yet the economical value and thorough reliability of this prime mover is but little appreciated by the public at large. From a comparison between wind-power, steam, and gas for pumping purposes, which would equally apply to electric lighting, it appears, taking all the factors into consideration, that the former is more than seven times as economical as either of the latter, even when they are worked under the most favorable circumstances. The records of the Signal Service, United States Army, for the past fifteen years show that the wind may be relied upon to blow with sufficient velocity to drive a windmill to its average working capacity eight hours out of every twenty-four. But since there are hours of absolute calm, the employment of a windmill is necessarily restricted to two classes of work: 1. To work admitting of frequent interruption. 2. To work where power can be stored for future use. It is found by experience that it requires, on an average, a wind velocity of six miles per hour to drive a windmill—i. e., to overcome the friction of the bearings and transmitting gears—but that the mill will actually run at least eight hours per day. From this it is safe to assume that one-third the total movement of the wind is lost, so far as windmill work is concerned. The remaining two-thirds should be distributed over the eight working hours of the mill.

It is in work of the second class that windmills find their true field of usefulness, and they are already largely used for pumping and storing water and for compressing air. Another use, which was first suggested by Sir William Thomson in 1881, and which has several times since then been tried with partial success, is in the production of electric light, the dynamo being driven direct from the windmill, and a secondary battery being employed to store and distribute the electrical energy to the lamps. The combination here suggested really forms an ideal method for isolated plant lighting, and it is likely to grow in favor as the advantages of the system become more generally known.

Books Received

- D. APPLETON & CO., NEW YORK
Cambridge, Ada. A Marriage Ceremony. 50 cts.
A. C. ARMSTRONG & SON, NEW YORK
Maclaren, Alexander, D.D. The Psalms. \$1.50.
C. W. BARDEEN, SYRACUSE
Briggs, Franklin H. Boys as They are Made and How to Remake Them. 25 cts.
Uncle Charley. The Little Old Man. 50 cts.
HARPER & BROS., NEW YORK
Woolson, Constance Fenimore. Horace Chase. \$1.25.
Murray, David C. In Direst Peril. \$1.25.
Dawson, Sir J. William. Some Salient Points in the Science of the Earth. \$2.
Dodge, Charles W. Introduction to Elementary Practical Biology. \$1.80.
Black, William. The Penance of John Logan, and Two Other Tales. 80 cts.
Halévy, Ludovic. Parisian Points of View. Translated by Edith V. B. Matthews. \$1.
Doyle, A. Conan. Memoirs of Sherlock Holmes. \$1.50.
Curtis, George William. Orations and Addresses. Edited by Charles Eliot Norton. Vol. II. \$3.50.
HENRY HOLT & CO., NEW YORK
Woodhull, John F. First Course in Science. 2 Vols.
MACMILLAN & CO., NEW YORK
Cicero, M. Tullius. Lælius. Edited by E. S. Schuchburgh, and Revised by Henry C. Johnson. 40 cts.
G. P. PUTNAM'S SONS, NEW YORK
Harraden, Beatrice. Ships That Pass in the Night. \$1.
Fife-Cookson, Lieutenant-Colonel J. C. Hannibal and Katharna. \$1.25.
A. D. F. RANDOLPH & CO., NEW YORK
Crosby, Howard. At the Lord's Table. 60 cts.
Morgan, Emily M. The Flight of the "Swallow." 75 cts.
THE SCHULTE PUBLISHING CO., CHICAGO
Clark, Arnold. Beneath the Dome. \$1.25.
CHARLES SCRIBNER'S SONS, NEW YORK
Scott, Sir Walter, Bart. The Lyrics and Ballads. Edited by Andrew Lang. (Imported.) \$1.75.
Browne, William. Poems. Edited by Gordon Goodwin. (Imported.) 2 Vols. \$3.50.
THE STUDENT PUBLISHING CO., HARTFORD
Sturckenberg, J. H. W., D.D. The Age and the Church. \$2.
FREDERICK WARNE & CO., NEW YORK
Valentine, Mrs. Games for Family Parties and Children. 75 cts.

Strictures on the Church

By Prof. G. B. Willcox

Chilly blasts from Minnesota have set sundry teeth chattering and thrown their owners into an attitude of denial and defiance. President Gates, of Iowa College, declares, in the "Northwestern Congregationalist": "It is truth and soberness to say that the Protestant Church to-day stands in need of reformation about as much as the Roman Catholic Church did in the days of Luther;" and Professor Herron, of the same college, responds: "I do not believe that even Protestant Christianity knows what Christianity is."

This has certainly a rather explosive sound. No doubt, as to multitudes in the churches, it is harsh and unfair. There are thousands of Christ's disciples among us who are sterling souls—the very élite of the world. They are the Tenth Legion, the Old Guard, the aggressive force in the kingdom of righteousness. Like John Howard, as his epitaph has it, they live for others. While some are but passengers, dancing and making merry up in the gilded saloon, these earnest toilers are feeding the fires and running the engines in the gloom and heat and sweat below. They deny themselves and count life not worth living save for the good they can do in a world that little dreams of the debt it owes them.

But others on church-rolls—it is vain to question it—are spiritually low-lived in their selfishness. Notwithstanding their velvet prayer-books and hymnals and golden crosses—the only sort of cross they bear—the Master, if speaking audibly, would scourge them with words of fire.

The love of wealth and of what it will purchase is the American sin. So Kossuth told us forty years ago. Among foreign peoples social standing comes of birth; among us, mainly, from intelligence and wealth. And the churches have no trenchant and incisive word to utter against the love of mammon. How ought a young Christian merchant, on whom God showers wealth, to disclose the fact? By his larger liberality. For he has larger ability, therefore responsibility. How does he disclose the fact? With a few noble exceptions, it is with a statelier house, costlier furniture, splendid equipage, extravagance in food and dress, and jewelry for himself and his household. He flouts in his practice the Apostle's monition, "Having food and raiment, let us be therewith content." He denies the Master's warning, "Ye cannot serve God and mammon." He smothers the thought that God will judge him, not by what he gives, however large in itself, but by what he retains for his own selfish use.

And who rebukes him? Who mourns over him as one falling away from loyalty to the Master? What does he hear but congratulations? What does he meet from layman or clergyman but deference, as to one more than ever worthy of esteem? Will any man who knows anything of Jesus of Nazareth say that this represents him? Here is a point at which it is idle to claim that our modern Christianity shows forth Christ. It is through a deeper stratum than that over Pompeii, of false and selfish sentiment, that one must dig to reach the solid rock of New Testament doctrine—the doctrine of Jesus, the Master.

Imagine a scene. A splendid entertainment at the home of a Christian millionaire. The house is a museum of all that delights the eye. The costliest paintings enrich the walls. Italian marbles are in every corner. Carpets from Turkey and rugs from Persia overspread the floors. Artistic furniture adds its charm to every room. Immense mirrors, confronted on opposite walls, with their endless vistas of reflection, multiply a hundredfold the splendor of the scene. The mansion appears to have been searched for some new point at which to lavish in more regal style.

Carriages, in long procession, discharge their owners at the canvas corridor before the door. Costumes competing with toilets in cost and beauty, jewelry ablaze in the electric lights—a vision of more than palatial splendor on every stairway and in every room. The perfume of rare exotics loads the air, and music from artists who head their profession

blends with the mirth, and guides the mazes of the dance.

But slowly, almost imperceptibly at first, the brilliancy of the lights subsides. Gradually the stream of lively conversation runs with slackened current, then trickles only in occasional drops, and finally dries in its channel. The murmur of its flow dies away to silence. A mysterious awe steals over the throng. One looks into the face of another with questioning eyes. Still and steadily the lights shrink down, and the gathering gloom spreads through the house. While all, with a boding presentiment, look hither and thither, the ebbing tide of light appears to leave islands along the walls. More and more clearly these spots emerge, and slowly shape themselves into outlines—into letters—into words that stand out clearly to view, as if the fingers of a man's hand, again, were writing on the walls. The startled guests turn toward them, reading, here, "He that taketh not up his cross and followeth after me is not worthy of me;" there, "It is more blessed to give than to receive;" beyond, "A man's life consisteth not in the abundance of the things which he possesseth;" and again, "Woe unto you that are rich, for ye have received your consolation!" The luxury and splendor fade before the blazing letters, as the stars before the sun. And silently and thoughtfully the guests glide from the house.

The treasonable notion has poisoned our modern life—church life even—that the rich have no more to do with Christ's rules of self-denial for the world's sake than with his style of dress, or his prostrate posture at meals. A noble Christian woman of Massachusetts, who distributed nearly two millions of dollars in hospitals and colleges and seminaries, when urged to the purchase of a new carpet in her modest home, replied: "No; the money would relieve some one more needy far than I." If that was like the Master, need we long search to discover that our selfish extravagance is not?

"But he lived an exceptional, vicarious life." And to what are his followers called but to exceptional, vicarious lives?—to deny themselves and undergo privation that the world may reap the benefit? In two thousand years have we not learned that? If the disciples of Christ are a chosen generation, a royal priesthood, if they are called to be sons and daughters of the Lord Almighty, are they never to discover that *noblesse oblige*?

"But what of the arts of a high civilization, that we culture with our free expenditure? Are they to be left to suffer?" Ministering to luxury and show and self-gratification as they do, are they likely to suffer? Is such self-denial as would diminish their patronage in danger of becoming epidemic? Is the supply of aesthetic culture among our Cræsus who profess no Christian principle in peril of running low? The thought is too bald an absurdity for a respectable joke.

Objections like these are, all and several, excuses for a self-indulgence that is a foregone resolve. And the object-lessons that are wanted in our modern Church life, lessons that would carry a power among the masses such as no pulpits can wield, are millionaires living in modest homes and going about doing good.

The Water-Colors at the New York Academy

The exhibition of the American Water-Color Society at the National Academy of Design, New York City, is much more satisfactory than was the last exhibition in the same building. Though the jury has accepted six hundred offerings, yet, as a rule, the standard of excellence is well maintained. The pictures easily resolve themselves into groups of landscapes, *genre* work, and portraits.

It is in the first that our American water-color artists most excel; and in this (or in any other group) there is nothing more remarkable than the showing of Mr. Francis Murphy, which instantly challenges admiration, not by reason of his taking the Evans prize, but because, while the painter has hitherto been recognized as a true artist, he is now seen to be a genuine genius. All of his half-dozen water-

colors here evince an original combination of light, form, and color mellowed by as original poetry. Next in interest, to the picture-lover, is the single landscape by Mr. Ochtman, "The Hills of Connecticut," also worthy of a prize. Though the picture seems hung too low, and though it presents too many planes of view, yet no one has ever more admirably reproduced the blanket, bed-like effect of winter snow as it lies deep over the New England hill-country. Of other single representations, Mr. Twachtman's "Souvenir of Dortrecht" is delightful, as is not (despite fine figure-grouping) the strange sharpness of the green in Mr. Guerin's "Fields." It seems an aniline, not a vegetable, color. The artist might take a hint from Mr. Shurtleff, always remarkable for the correct values of his tones. The Farrer landscapes, which remind one somewhat of Leader, are most of them too large in size, but are attractive. Mr. Bruce Crane's snow scenes are no less startling than superb, especially when viewed alongside the gentler works of Mr. Van Elten, always notable for their etchable qualities. On the other hand, the well-worn Cropsey trade-mark is not absent—that eternal intertwining of red and yellow autumn branches; while the "Cairene Tombs" assuredly are good subject-matter for better water-colors than Mr. Hind displays. By far the most vigorous cattle pieces are by Mr. Horatio Walker; then come those by Miss Browne and others. While there is a predominance of snow scenes, there are not so many marines as might be expected from this eminently paintable subject-matter for water-colors. Mr. Snell's "War and Peace" will please everybody, also his "Yacht White Lady." Venetian lagoons and canals are time-honored subjects, but we cannot have too many such treatments as are exhibited here by Messrs. Moran and Bunner.

In the group of *genre* pictures every one will notice the Japanese series of Mr. Robert Blum, who for several exhibitions has accustomed us to his transference of Fortuny's methods to this realm. Mr. Blum's lilac, larkspur, and primrose shades are thoroughly in keeping with Japan, which land has found also another interpreter in the person of Mr. Alden Weir. Even if these latter pictures be but the veriest imitations, following the lead of Degas, they are at least notable ones. Unusual for Mr. Boughton is such a subject as "Hay-makers in the Orkney Islands," and therefore all the more remarkable. The picture has a double interest; it is not, as is customary with the painter, a bit of story-telling, but shows the simple effect of a strong breeze blowing against the tiny figures of the merry haymakers. As strong a *genre* work as the exhibition affords is Mr. Crum's impressive "Night Watch," suggestive of Millet. Mr. Smedley's pictures are faithful in their clever drawing, but "The Ball," by Mr. Sterner, though ambitious, is unsatisfactory. "A Highlander," by Mr. Frederic Remington, recalls De Neuville's drawings. Mr. F. S. Church is not missing with his usual lion and girl, finely done; nor is Mr. Walter Satterlee with his usual peasant woman.

Water-color portraits are in the main either only waxy or vapory. Take Mr. Witt's work as an example of the first, and Mr. Wiles's of the second. But in the portrait by Mr. Louis Loeb we have an uncommon achievement. One hardly knows whether to praise more its spirituality or its realism. In technical excellence the work on the hands alone is faulty. Mr. Loeb, who was a lithographer for years, and latterly an illustrator, must now take high rank as a portrait-painter. Of other good pictures in this group, the "Study of a Head" by Mrs. Sears is one of the few water-color portraits expressive of character, and as such is indeed noteworthy. The head by Mr. Beckwith is stronger than is his wont, while Mr. Day's "Nina" is almost worthy of Henner. To *genre* portraiture Miss McChesney is evidently influenced by another great master, Israels.

Space does not permit any note of the etchings, a collection well worthy of such environment.

Be careful of your language when talking to the elevator-boy; he is apt to take you up very quickly.—*Boston Commercial*.

About People

—Mr. George Washington, who died in Savannah recently, was the great-grandson of Lawrence Washington, a brother of our first President.

—It is suggested in Boston that a memorial chime of bells be hung in Trinity Church, which shall ring at curfew the carol written by Phillips Brooks: "O Little Town of Bethlehem."

—The Rev. Samuel Gilman wrote "Fair Harvard" in a room in the Fay house, Cambridge, now occupied by the women students of "The Annex," or, to give it the new name, "Radcliffe College."

—The new director of the American School at Athens (who has been appointed for a period of five years) is Professor Richardson, formerly of Dartmouth. He is ably supported this year in his work by Professor John Williams White, of Harvard.

—Because of his advanced age, the President of Lehigh University, Dr. Henry Copple, is likely soon to retire, and it is said that the Hon. Robert E. Pattison will, after the expiration of his term of office as Governor of Pennsylvania, be invited to succeed Dr. Copple.

—Sir Joseph Barnby says that in his twenty years' experience at Eton barely twenty-five per cent. of the boys were found to be possessed of any musical gift, while with less well-to-do classes such gifts were found among seventy per cent. of the youths.

—The head of the Sacred College, Cardinal Monaco la Valetta, who has often been considered the most probable successor of Leo XIII., is very old and in bad health. Should he die, he would be replaced as Dean by Cardinal Oreglia, who is supposed to have little friendship for the present Pope.

—Prince Bismarck's youngest grandchild, the infant daughter of Count and Countess Herbert Bismarck, was christened at Schönausen recently, receiving the names of Anna Leopoldine Alice. The ex-Chancellor has no male grandchild, all the children of his sons and daughter (Countess Rantzau) being girls.

—It is announced that the Baron von Seefried, whose runaway match with Princess Elisabeth, daughter of Prince Leopold of Bavaria, and granddaughter of Francis Joseph I., has excited such interest, has arrived with his wife at the garrison town of Troppau, in Austrian Silesia, and will henceforth serve in the Austrian and not the German army.

—The Rev. Thomas Gulick, of the famous missionary family, whose name has been part and parcel of the Sandwich Islands for many decades, was born in Honolulu, where he grew up with General Armstrong and other sons of missionaries, and where he has known Queen Liliuokalani from the time that they were children together, going to the same school.

—The Queen of England's private secretary, Sir Henry Ponsonby, is in his sixty-ninth year, and the present delicate state of his health is occasioning much anxiety in the royal household. Sir Henry was once Equerry to the Prince Consort, but for many years has been Keeper of the Privy Purse, being appointed on the death of Sir Thomas Biddulph.

—Sir Charles Russell seems to be the Cabinet Member who is getting the most financial return out of the present Administration in England. In addition to his regular salary of \$35,000 annually and \$20,000 for fees in ordinary contentious work during the year, he has received no less than \$40,000 for his services at the time of the Behring Sea Arbitration.

—This will be the year of Dr. Joachim's English jubilee, it being fifty years since he first appeared in London as a violinist. It is also just fifty years since Mendelssohn's "Wedding March" was first performed in England, it forming part of the incidental music to "Midsummer Night's Dream," written by the composer expressly for the royal performance at the New Palace, Potsdam, in 1843.

—At the annual reunion of graduates of the Lawrence Grammar-School, named after his grandfather, Amos Lawrence, the new Bishop of Massachusetts remarked that none of the hearty welcomes offered him since his elevation to the episcopal office had given him more gratification. He then went on to say

that the most distinct memory of his boyhood was his yearly task in squeezing enough lemons to make a barrel or two of lemonade for the Lawrence School boys, whom his father always entertained once a year at his home in Brookline.

—An echo from the beginning of this century has come with the death, at the age of ninety years, of the Comtesse de Thermes, the only daughter of Fouché, Napoleon's famous Minister of Police. With her decease there comes to an end the last of those annuities granted by Napoleon from the revenues of the various countries he conquered. Both Fouché and his wife had belonged to the provincial *bourgeoisie* of Nantes, but when the ex-Oratorian was created Duke of Otranto, the States of the King of Naples were called upon to furnish title and finances alike. The Comtesse de Thermes was a godchild of the Empress Josephine.

—The late Professor Tyndall was one of the few foreigners who would not receive money for lecturing in this country. After deducting expenses, something like thirteen thousand dollars was left, which fund he placed in the hands of Dr. Youmans, Professor Henry, and General Tyndale to appropriate its interest to support, at such European universities as might seem desirable, two American pupils who had evinced great ability in the domain of physics. He said: "My desire would be that each pupil should spend four years at a German university, three of those to be devoted to the acquisition of knowledge and the fourth to original investigation." But as, strangely enough, the plan did not work well, while the fund, being well invested, had more than doubled itself, Professor Tyndall decided to divide it into three equal parts, to be given to Harvard, Columbia, and the University of Pennsylvania, to found three permanent fellowships in physical science, the incumbents to study either at home or abroad.

An Enormous Power

The tunnel at Niagara Falls, by the aid of which water is to be turned into horse-power and the power conveyed to distant points in the form of electricity, has been completed. It is 7,000 feet long, and from 200 to 1,500 men worked at it for three years. This tunnel is expected to generate 100,000 horse-power; Buffalo has already engaged 10,000 horse-power. Between three and four millions of capital have been put into the enterprise. Practical tests will be made at once.

But what has been done already is a small part of what is planned. Says Mr. Curtis Brown in the New York "Evening Post":

"The future of the city of Niagara Falls is assured, for it rests on no experiment with an unknown quantity. The generation of water-power has been shown to be a certainty, and, if the well-laid schemes for electrical distribution 'gang a-gley,' the main wheel-pit can be used for the generation of power for local consumption. But the plans of engineers of international fame, such men as Sir William Thomson (now Lord Kelvin); Professor Unwin, of London; Colonel Turretini, of Geneva, Switzerland; Professor Mascart, of Paris, Mr. Clemens Herschel, Major George B. Burbank, and Dr. Coleman Sellers, can hardly fail. These plans have in view a power plant which may very properly be called stupendous, and of which the present work is but the comparatively humble beginning. It is proposed to take 450,000 horse-power from the great cataract and send it broadcast to turn mill-wheels, light streets, and supply heat in so many cities and at such a distance that even to specify them makes one feel as if he were laying himself open to the charge of being a visionary.

"Rights have already been secured for another 100,000 horse-power tunnel on the American side, and also for two tunnels on the Canadian side, each to carry away the water required to generate 125,000 horse-power. These tunnels were not planned to exist only on paper, for the Cataract Construction Company is under contract to produce power on the Canada side in less than three years, and is now paying rent for the privilege. Work will be begun on the first of these Canadian tunnels as soon as the de-

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mand for power from the American plant warrants the undertaking, and it is considered likely that ground will be broken some time next year.

"The conditions on the Canada side are much more advantageous than on this side, and the first tunnel to be built there will have to be scarcely more than 400 feet long. It is expected that the power-house will be built at the brink of the Horseshoe Fall, at the foot of the bluff directly below Falls View Station. The tunnel will extend from underneath the power-house to a point just below the Horseshoe Fall.

"It will be seen that the total amount of horse-power which it is planned to generate eventually is 450,000, an amount which can be better appreciated when it is considered that the total horse-power now used for every purpose in the State of New York is roughly estimated to be somewhat less than 500,000. According to the figures made by the company's engineers, Niagara Falls will be lowered only seven inches by the diversion of the water required to generate this mighty force, so that, as far as the Falls are concerned, there is nothing to prevent the creation of power sufficient to run all the wheels in the Middle States."

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Bits of Fun

This would be a much better world if more people would take their own advice.—*Dallas News*.

The widower about to remarry is the most unselfish of mortals. He seldom thinks of number one.—*Life*.

It was a Manitoba high-school boy who said there were four zones—frigid, horrid, temperate, and intemperate.—*Lynn Item*.

Old Lady—My friend, are you a Christian? Beggar—Well, mum, no one has ever accused me of workin' on Sunday.—*New York Weekly*.

Anxious Inquirer—What do the Unitarians believe? Philadelphian—Well, Dr. Furniss is the only one in Philadelphia who knows, and he won't tell.—*Judge*.

It appears that the axiom, live within your income, does not apply to the United States with the same rigidity that it does to citizens thereof.—*Minneapolis Times*.

Overheard at the Table of a Spruce Street Boarding-house.—Old Boarder—This soup has many sins to answer for. New Boarder—Yes, but I should say they were principally sins of omission.—*Philadelphia Record*.

Judge—I shall sentence you to twenty years for wrecking that train. Prisoner—I presume, Judge, if I had wrecked the whole road you would have been glad to have dined with me at my palatial residence.—*Detroit Free Press*.

There is this difference, and it is a very important one, between men and women. When a man tells a woman a nice lot of nonsense, she believes it; but when a woman tells a man how smart he is and how brave and how good, he knows better.—*Atchison Globe*.

"I wish these missionaries didn't vary so much," said King Kannable, as he swallowed his portion of the roast. "I wish so too," said Queen Kannable, "but there are so many brands of Presbyterians these days it's hard to tell what to order."—*Harlem Life*.

Young Horse—A woman is driving me now, and I can never understand what she wants me to do. Old Horse—That's easy. A lot of quick jerks backward on the reins means that she wants you to go ahead, stop, or back, according to circumstances.—*Good News*.

An Oriental exhibitor wished to announce to customers that purchases would have to remain with him until after the juries of award had made their announcement, and placarded this: "Goods sold will not be delivered until judgment day."—*Harper's Drawer*.

"I have called," said the captious critic, "to find out what reason you can give for representing the new year as a nude small boy?" "That is done," responded the art editor, "because the year does not get its close till the 31st of December."—*Indianapolis Journal*.

Notice

One of the first opportunities to hear public discussion of the Hawaiian question, by one thoroughly acquainted with the incidents and parties, will be given under the auspices of the Young People's Prayer-Meeting Association of the Fourth Avenue Presbyterian Church, on Tuesday evening, February 20. The Rev. Thomas L. Gulick, of Honolulu, will lecture on "The Revolution: Its Causes and Results." Admission 50 cents, and tickets may be had at Randolph's, Schirmer's, and at the door; by mail of C. F. Cutter, 19 East Sixteenth Street. This is an exceptional opportunity to hear one or both sides of this burning question. The proceeds of the lecture, which will be accompanied with views, will be given to the poor. C. F. C.

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NET ASSETS, January 1, 1893..... \$59,037,395.74

RECEIVED IN 1893

For Premiums.....	\$4,623,200.08
For Interest and Rents,	3,144,574.64
Profit and Loss.....	8,358.82
	<u>\$7,776,133.54</u>
	\$66,813,529.28

DISBURSED IN 1893

For claims by death and matured endowments.....	\$3,970,458.56
Surplus returned to policy-holders....	1,256,201.69
Lapsed and Surrendered Policies.....	597,355.08

TOTAL TO POLICY-HOLDERS.....	\$5,824,015.33
Commissions to Agents, Salaries, Medical Examiners' fees, Printing, Advertising, Legal, Real Estate, and all other Expenses.....	770,158.09
TAXES.....	293,156.27
	<u>6,887,329.69</u>

BALANCE NET ASSETS, Dec. 31, 1893, \$59,926,199.59

SCHEDULE OF ASSETS

Loans upon Real Estate, first lien....	\$37,669,494.86
Loans upon Stocks and Bonds.....	12,849.50
Premium Notes on Policies in force....	1,351,625.21
Cost of Real Estate owned by the Co'y	7,105,311.33
Cost of United States and other Bonds	12,423,628.55
Cost of Bank and Railroad Stocks....	380,960.25
Cash in Banks.....	973,999.00
Cash in Office.....	3,833.39
Bills Receivable.....	990.67
Agents' Ledger Balances.....	3,526.83
	<u>\$59,926,199.59</u>

ADD	
Interest due and accrued... \$1,010,541.36	
Rents accrued.....	8,271.27
Market value of stocks and bonds over cost....	224,102.70
Net deferred premiums ..	194,289.69
	<u>\$1,437,205.02</u>

GROSS ASSETS, December 31, 1893 \$61,363,404.61

LIABILITIES:	
Amount required to re-insure all outstanding Policies, net, Company's standard.....	\$53,817,154.00
All other liabilities	1,098,222.74
	<u>\$54,915,376.74</u>

SURPLUS by Company's Standard....	\$6,448,027.87
SURPLUS by State Reports will exceed	7,250,000.00

Ratio of expenses of management to receipts in 1893	9.90 per cent.
Policies in force Dec. 31, 1893, 65,701,	
Insuring	\$156,994,498.00

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Financial

The proceeds of the new 5 per cent. Government loan have been added to the gold reserve of the United States Treasury, and for the first time in months the \$100,000,000 redemption fund is restored. This fact adds to the feeling of security which prevails concerning the currency, and gives assurance that every dollar in circulation is to be kept on a parity with gold in value. The withdrawal of gold from the New York city banks during the past week has not changed the rates for money in the market, although the decrease will show very heavily, as most of the National loan was negotiated here. Yet call loans remain at 1 per cent., and the reduction in the surplus reserve of the banks is not such as to affect the supply of funds, while the commercial conditions do not call for distribution of the abnormal deposits reflected in the statement. This great plethora of money centered here will, of course, find no healthy distribution until a change shall come about in the business situation, and a new era of activity shall take the place of the stagnation now so widespread.

On the whole, there seems to be no improvement, or very slight, if any, in the signs which indicate conditions. Domestic exchanges are rather on the decrease from week to week; railway earnings and tonnage both continue to shrink. The exports of merchandise for the past week at the port of New York were in value nearly \$2,000,000 less than in the same week of 1893. The utter dullness on the Exchanges is an indication that investments are very much curtailed, and that speculation is at a complete standstill. The Tariff Bill which has just passed the House of Representatives has gone to the Senate, whose committee is now modifying it, with a view of its early introduction and discussion in the latter body. There are indications that some important changes will take place in the bill before it becomes law.

The schemes of reorganization in the cases of two or three railway systems are being more energetically forwarded than heretofore. It is now pretty definitely settled that all opposition to the plan recently proposed for the removal of the New York and Lake Erie Railway system from the hands of receivers has been reconciled, so that an early adjustment will be effected in this case. The plan contemplated by the Directors of the Reading Railway Company is being assented to and is finding increased favor; it is believed that it will soon be authoritatively announced. In both of these important cases of reorganization no assessment on the stock is contemplated, and in the case of the Reading a collateral loan is the means proposed whereby the floating debt is to be cared for. The great Southern system, the Richmond Terminal Company, through the banking house of Messrs. Drexel, Morgan & Co., is passing through all the legal processes necessary to a final completion of its rehabilitation, and in furtherance of this result the formal sale to the Reorganization Committee of all the assets in its treasury has just taken place. These movements are having a beneficial effect on the market, so far as these special properties (their stocks and bonds) are concerned, but the activity in railway shares is mostly confined to these. The "Industrials" are higher, especially for sugar and lead shares.

The bank statement is as follows:

Loans, increase.....	\$13,054,500
Specie, decrease.....	21,759,200
Legal tenders, decrease.....	8,638,100
Deposits, decrease.....	17,632,000
Reserve, decrease.....	25,989,300

This leaves the banks with a surplus reserve of \$85,633,700 after the withdrawal of the gold which has gone into the United States Treasury.

The merchandise imports for the week are \$7,337,778, against \$14,222,821 the corresponding week of 1893.

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Literary Pastimes of Authors

A correspondent of "Current Literature" sends its editor (apropos of the interesting article on "extra-illustrating of books" which originally appeared in The Outlook of November 11, 1893, and was copied into "Current Literature") the following facts, which might be called "the bookcase deceits and amusements of great men." During his lifetime at Gadshill, there was in Charles Dickens's library a panel door. When this was closed, it appeared to form part of the library, for it was molded and painted so as to represent books, and on the backs were conspicuous titles. Some of these were of a startling, all of an amusing, character. They had resulted from the great humorist's own ingenuity, and his friends often made merry over the quaint conceits. Here are a few of them: Cat's Lives (9); Captain Cook's Life of Savage; History of the Middling Ages; Hansard's Guide to Refreshing Sleep; The Wisdom of Our Ancestors: Ignorance, Superstition, The Block, The Stake, The Rack, Dirt, Disease; Water-works, by Father Mathew; History of a Short Chancery Suit, twenty volumes and Index; Cockatoo on Perch; Jonah's Anecdotes of the Whale; Richardson's Show of Dramatic Literature; Cribb's Edition of Miller; Kant's Eminent Humbugs; The Gunpowder Magazine; King Henry VIII's Evidences of Christianity; Socrates on Wedlock; Swallows on Emigration; Groundsill, by the author of Chickweed; Drowsy's Recollections of Nothing; Lady Godiva on the Horse. Some of these titles, it will be admitted, are exceedingly ingenious. As a whole, however, they fell short of a similar kind of thing undertaken by Thomas Hood, and carried out with triumphant results. The Duke of Devonshire wrote to Hood: "It is necessary to construct a door of sham books for the entrance of a library staircase at Chatsworth; your assistance in giving me inscriptions for these unreal folios, quartos, and 12mos, is what I now ask." In the "Memorials by Tom Hood and his Sister" the list compiled for the Duke of Devonshire is given, and from it the following selections are made: Ye Devill on Two Styx (Black letter), two volumes; On Cutting off Heirs with a Shilling, by Barber Beaumont; On the Affinity of the Death Watch and Sheep Tick; Lamb on the Death of Wolfe; Tadpoles: or, Tales out of my own Head; Plurality of Livings, with regard to the Common Cat; On Trial by Jury, with Remarkable Packing Cases; Boyle on Steam; Annual Parliaments: A Plea for Short Commons; On Sore Throat and the Migration of the Swallow, by T. Abernethy; Debrett on Chain Piers; Johnson's Contradictionary; Life of Jack Ketch, with Cuts of his own Execution; Cursory Remarks on Swearing; Recollections of Bannister, by Lord Stair; The Scottish Boccaccio, by D. Cameron; Cook's Specimens of the Sandwich Tongue; Hoyle on the Game Laws. There were many made; but some were naturally a little strained as to effect, while others had a temporary and fleeting interest, and depended for their full effect on names already unfamiliar, or incidents which have passed from the public memory. The selections are interesting as giving the resources of two such humorists as Dickens and Hood.

Critics

Mr. Hall Caine recently freed his mind in regard to the functions of book critics as follows:

"Their profession has been called into existence apparently by the public demand for condensed accounts of what is going on in the publishing world. Well, now, the publisher's view of the duty of this class of men is quite unlike the view they themselves take of their function. The publisher thinks their business is—I have heard George Bentley say this—to tell the public what is in a book, what it is about. The critic himself is often not quite able to make up his mind whether the review is for the publisher, the author, or for the public—to tell the public whether the book is good or bad, or to tell the author whether he has made slips or blunders, and whether his art is advancing or going backwards."

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AN ELDERLY LADY (foreigner) wishes to travel as companion with lady or invalid; is a good nurse. First-class references. No. 5,954, care Outlook.

WANTED.—To adopt, a girl of from six to eight years of age; an orphan of good, healthy parentage. Address J. H., No. 5,956, Outlook Office.

Building a Nebraska Church

From the "Nebraska State Journal"

As far west as Hitchcock County churches are few and far between, except in towns, and country congregations worship within the small school-houses, which at the best furnish meager accommodations.

The long-felt want of a meeting-place other than the old sod school-house was accentuated at one such place by a slight misunderstanding with another denomination holding prior claim. It was on the last day of the old year, and public spirit grew with the remarks:

"If we only had a church!"

"I wish we had a church."

"We must have a church."

"Let us build a church."

The crops had failed, times were hard, and money scarce, but a temporary loan was offered if a subscription paper warranted its payment.

On New Year's Day a committee started out to see what could be done, and at night the subscription list footed \$70, and a church was assured. A frame building was out of the question, but on Wednesday a score of willing workers were plowing and piling sod. It was a formidable undertaking for midwinter, but the brave homesteaders are accustomed to encountering difficulties and surmounting obstacles, and in two days the walls had risen to the desired height. Unlucky Friday brought a storm, and work was suspended until Tuesday.

But Friday night again beheld a good, substantial church building completed and furnished, ready for occupancy. It is 16x32 feet, with door and six windows, and has cost, besides gratis labor, \$100. Part of that sum has already been paid, and the balance guaranteed by solid subscription.

The erection of a church in six days' time is one of the achievements of "dried-out, burned-up, blown-away" southwest Nebraska, and, considering circumstances, is certainly unprecedented.

The Stoke-Holds of Ocean Racers

In these days of great mechanical improvement, writes some one in "Harper's Young People," stoke-holds are losing their terrors. They are getting to be quite comfortable. Great strides have been made in the last twenty years in increasing the speed of ships, and it isn't too much to say that most of it comes through better and stronger boilers. Twenty years ago the boilers of the fastest ships sustained only 70 pounds of steam-pressure to the square inch, but now they sustain with ease 165 pounds. This means more than double the steam than formerly, and much faster twisting of the screws. It also means more coal and more stoking, but not near so much in proportion to the gain in steam. This is because furnaces have also been improved, but the work of feeding their angry throats is hard enough; so hard, indeed, that steamship-owners have found that it pays to look after the comfort of the stokers as well as others of the crew, and hence stoke-holds are beginning to be ventilated and to be more comfortable as working-places. The temperature of stoke-holds is still above 100° when brisk work is going on, but ventilators keep pouring fresh, cool air into the place, and the stokers almost never suffer from exhaustion in new steamships.

The stoker works only eight hours a day, and this is divided into two "watches" of four hours each. That is, he works four hours, then has eight hours' rest, and then works four hours, and doesn't think his lot is such a bad one after all. To be sure, on merchantmen he has to be hounded all the time to do his work properly, and he expects it, for he has a chronic objection against working without being driven to it, and oftener than not doesn't think it worth while to wash his face in his eight hours' interval of rest. He probably wouldn't thank you for your sympathy if you tried to tell him that his life is hard.

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Beecham's pills are for biliousness, bilious headache, dyspepsia, heartburn, torpid liver, dizziness, sick headache, bad taste in the mouth, coated tongue, loss of appetite, sallow skin, when caused by constipation; and constipation is the most frequent cause of all of them.

Book free; pills 25c. At drugstores, or write B.F. Allen Co., 365 Canal St., New York.

Indisputable Evidence

Of the Successful Treatment of Consumption and of Chest Diseases by the English Method, as Discovered and Practiced by George Thomas Congreve.

FOURTH INTERVIEW

By our Special Commissioner

With Rev. W. JOHNSTONE, Chaplain, East Poorhouse, Dundee.

(This case appeared in the Appendix to Mr. Congreve's work on Consumption, p. 70.)

In August last I was privileged to have a chat with the Rev. W. Johnstone, Chaplain of the East Poorhouse, Dundee, and from him I learned something of the class of persons among whom his life was spent. Two facts made great impression on me. The first, that in this one workhouse the average number of deaths is something between one hundred and sixty and one hundred and ninety annually; and the other, that in almost every case drink is primarily responsible for the loss of health, friends, and means, which precedes admission into the infirmary.

But I did not find my way to the house of the Rev. W. Johnstone, in Morgan Street, Dundee, merely to talk about the sad nature of his duties as Chaplain to the poorhouse, or the cause which brought so many to seek a shelter within its walls. I was concerned more closely with inquiries as to the Rev. gentleman's health, both past and present.

On referring to the case as reported in the Appendix (Case No. 192), there is hereditary tendency to decline in Mr. Johnstone's family; various relatives had died. About the year 1883 he himself broke down in health, and began to take Mr. Congreve's medicine. After a time he decided to come to London for purposes of examination and consultation. The result of this showed that the right lung was diseased.

"Now, Mr. Johnstone, that I may be able to tell it for the advantage of others whose sufferings are similar to your own, please inform me what was the result of your following out the course of treatment prescribed for you by Mr. Congreve?"

"The result was that I was quite cured. I was able, in April, 1887, to write to Mr. Congreve and inform him that I had passed through the previous winter stronger than I had been for seven years, although it was no uncommon thing for me to take three, and sometimes as many as four, services each Sabbath. At the same time, in addition to my own duties, I was assisting others engaged in Christian work."

"Then I suppose I may take it that you have had no relapse?" was my next question.

"None whatever. I kept quite well, and able to perform all my ministerial duties, and some of them

(as we were remarking a few minutes ago) are not of the most pleasant kind."

"Am I right in saying that some years since one of your sons was also under Mr. Congreve for some time?"

"Yes; that was Tom."

"And was the treatment equally efficacious in his case?"

"Oh, yes; I am thankful to say he is all right. After my own experience you will not be surprised to hear that I have recommended Mr. Congreve's treatment very frequently. What astonishes me, however, is the way people seem to postpone applying until the very last—often until all hope is gone. I have a case in my mind at the present moment of a young woman whose father could not be persuaded to try Mr. Congreve's medicine until the last moment, when his daughter was dying. As a fact, I don't think she lived long enough to take half the first bottle of medicine; but even this man acknowledged that it had relieved her sufferings, that it had greatly mitigated the terrible cough she had."

Mr. Johnstone and I had chatted for some few minutes upon this inexplicable reluctance to try, until too late, a remedy which has proved successful in so many thousands of cases, and then we parted, he expressing thanks for the benefit he and his had derived from Mr. Congreve's treatment, I meanwhile thinking what a blessed thing it was that a life like his—a life devoted to ministering to the outcast and the suffering—should have been so providentially preserved.

Every person suffering from Chest Disease, and all of weak lungs and delicate habit, should read my book on Consumption of the Lungs or Decline, and its successful treatment, showing that formidable disease to be curable in all its stages, with observations on Coughs, Colds, Asthma, Chronic Bronchitis; together with accounts of nearly 400 successfully cured cases, any one of which may be like yours, to be had post-free for 25 cts., or the book will be sent free with every first order of \$1.00 bottle of my Balsamic Elixir.

CONGREVE'S BALSAMIC ELIXIR can be obtained from many drug-stores, but it will take some time before it will be introduced into all of them throughout this vast country. If your druggist has not yet put it in stock, it will be sent you, carriage paid, from my own depot, on receipt of 50 cts., \$1.00, \$1.75, \$3.75, or \$7.00, according to the size of the bottle ordered.

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Burial Alive in China

With regard to the controversy now in progress between the Roman Catholic clergy in Great Britain and Mr. Rider Haggard over the description of the immuring or burying alive of a nun contained in his recently published novel, "Montezuma's Daughter," it will, a writer in the "Tribune" thinks, doubtless surprise the disputants to learn that there is at any rate one country in the world where people are to this day buried alive. What is more, the victim is not only a consenting party to the deed, but even takes part in the funeral as his own chief mourner. The country where this practice remains in existence is China; and the people who are thus buried alive are usually those who, either on account of their incorrigible misconduct or incurable maladies, have come to be regarded as burdens to their relatives and as constituting not only a nuisance but also a danger to the community to which they belong. These interments of living men and women are generally the result of a decree of a sort of family council composed of all the principal relatives of the victim, and they are so far regarded as legitimate that the local authorities do not hesitate to attend the obsequies. Sometimes, too, the decree is pronounced by a vigilance committee, or "Vehmgericht," an institution that flourishes quite as extensively in China at the present day as it did in Germany two and three centuries ago. The French missionaries established in the district of Tchong Lok have on record a case where a man had become such a slave to the opium habit that he had not only disposed of his business and of his entire property to procure opium, but had even, with a similar object, sold his children into slavery. His neighbors and relatives endured this; but when he began to remove the tiles that roofed the temple erected to the memory of his ancestors, with the object of converting them into cash, the leading inhabitants of the place, horrified by the spectacle of, to Chinese eyes, so horrible a sacrilege, decided that it was necessary to put an end to the scandal, and that the only means of doing so would be to bury him alive. Accordingly, a committee of five was delegated to call upon him and to inform him of the determination of his fellow-citizens. Not a word of protest did he utter, not a complaint did he make, but followed his visitors silently to a neighboring valley, where he watched his grave being dug. Thereupon he, of his own accord, stretched himself at full length therein, proffering only one last request, that his face should be covered with a thick layer of fresh grass and herbs before the earth was battened down over him.

Ordinarily, however, the obsequies of live persons are attended by much more pomp and ceremony than this, especially when it is not misconduct, but merely disease or old age, which causes the family and the fellow-citizens of the candidate for funeral honors to desire his departure for another world. Everything that is possible is done to smooth the way and to cheer, if one may be allowed to use the expression, his last moments. Relatives and neighbors combine to purchase the most expensive coffin that they can afford, the prices ranging from \$10 to \$500 and even \$1,000. At the funeral repast that precedes the interment he is the guest of honor, and as soon as the feasting has been brought to a conclusion the procession to the grave begins. It is led off by the empty coffin, which in form resembles the trunk of a tree, the boards being three or four inches thick and rounded outside. Immediately following the coffin walks the "moribund," magnificently arrayed, generally in the superbly embroidered garments of a mandarin, and bearing a fan in one hand and a prayer written on a piece of paper in the other. Then follow the members of the family, the village or town authorities, and the neighbors. On reaching the border of the grave the principal actor in this extraordinary performance takes a solemn leave of all those present, arranges his garments in the most convenient and comfortable fashion, takes a last big swallow of opium, and thereupon assumes his place in the coffin. A piece of silver having been placed on his chin, the lid is placed on the casket, and is nailed down by his sons and nearest relatives; the casket then being

lowered into the grave, the earth is battened down, and all is over.

Private Mints

The Constitution of the United States provides, says the Washington "Star," that no State shall coin money; but it seems that individuals might do so, up till about the time of the late Civil War. Of course it has always been against the law to counterfeit or imitate the coinage of the United States, and so, necessarily, a coin issued by a private mint would have to be so distinctive in shape or markings as to show that it was not intended to pass as Federal money. For this reason the \$50 gold coins or tokens issued by several private mints in California during the flush times of the '50's were octagonal in shape.

Gold coins were also issued by the Mormons of Utah at about the same time, and the same thing had been done by parties in Georgia and North Carolina.

Probably the latest of these private mints was the one established in Denver in the early '60's. It is said that the coinage of this establishment being brought to the attention of Secretary Chase, that eminent financier was much astonished to find a respectable firm of bankers engaged in making and uttering money, and was still further surprised when the Attorney-General of the United States declared they had the right to do so.

This incident caused the passage of a law absolutely prohibiting individuals from issuing or circulating anything intended in any manner to serve as money.

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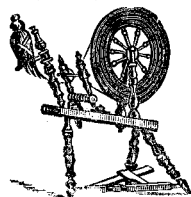
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